

Maclean's

Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

December 6, 1999

EYE OF THE HURRICANE

The Canadian commune
that freed boxer
Rubin Carter

The making
of the movie
with Denzel
Washington



Making BABIES

Scientists are finding new ways
to create life in the lab

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Machamer's *Thomson* 6, 1990 1

Editor

Why now, Jean Chrétien?

Why now? That was the question that dogged Prime Minister Jean Chrétien last week after he came out swinging on the issue of a Quebec referendum. Certainly, the Supreme Court had ruled in 1998 that the question had to be clear and unequivocal, and Chrétien had vowed before to insist on that. Nothing new there. There would be no new funding about sovereignty-association or an independent Quebec with the Canadian dollar and the Rocky Mountains.

At the same time, the referendum seemed to be going out of the separate course. The latest Léves & Léves poll in *The Globe and Mail* last week showed support for sovereignty at its lowest ebb in five years and Quebecers' satisfaction with the federal Liberals actually outstripping that with the Parti Québécois.

Why now? Politics is the art of keeping your options open and Chrétien is a master of the craft. He reasoned that the fight over the question and the percentage required for victory would come back sooner or later. "Do you wait until you are in the middle of the soup?" asks one of the PM's trusted advisers. "It's not exactly a good time."

In addition to getting the issue out now, Chrétien also needed debate to specifics, rather than the vague lamentations of past constitutional wars (page 18). When he says 50+1 is not enough, he taps into a vein of support that runs deep across the land, including in his native province. Ottawa's own polling last summer found that 60 per cent of Quebecers felt 50+1 was not enough. In addition, six out of 10 respondents said the 1995 referendum question—a maddening 43-word affair—was unclear. Chrétien will keep the option open of what device to use in pursuit of his policy—and well he should, given his divided cabinet and Quebec critics, the opposition of Quebec Liberal Leader Jean Charest and a chorus of angry pundits in the Quebec media.

Why now? Chrétien was stung by accusations that he slept through the last referendum and almost lost the country. Understandably, he doesn't want to be caught out again. Now he can run in another election, having downed a fire in the sand against the separatists, or he can retire convinced he has left his successor with the ammunition to fight the PQ.

Chrétien also is lucky. His opposition in the Commons appears to be going soft on the separatists. He alone, he says, Defriesbaker-like, stands up for Canada. He also got the gift of a roth assertion by Premier Lucien Bouchard last week that any move by the feds to set the rules could lead to a unilateral declaration of Quebec independence.

That, of course, would be sheer folly. The Americans would extract concessions from an independent Quebec AND a fractured Canada. As former U.S. ambassador to Canada Jim Blanchard put it recently: "We would probably still take our lead from Ottawa." And, he added, "we would want our extra pound of flesh."

Sure, Chrétien might have been better to focus only on a clear question and not get into the numbers game. Sure, his conformation tactics could help revive the separatists. But Chrétien has acted in uncharacteristically bold fashion. The stakes are such that only history will decide if he was right.

Robert Lewis

Newsroom Notes

A story in a story

Norman Jewison's new movie, *The Hurricane*, tells a readable story—about a group of Canadians who spent years fighting to free an American prizefighter who had been wrongly convicted of a triple murder in New Jersey. But, as *Melrose's* Senior Writer Brian D. Johnson reveals in this week's special report, the story behind the story is no less

extraordinary (page 66). The Canadians were part of a strange conspiracy. And Rubin (Hurricane) Carter, released after 19 years in jail, now says he felt held gone



Carter (left), Johnson: real-life drama

from one prison to another when he ended up living with the group in Toronto. "They've had a strange, sad falling out," says Johnson. "But the Hurricane's spirit transcends it all."

Vancouver Bureau Chief Chris Wood interviewed Lesca Martin, a Brooklyn street kid who, adopted by the Toronto-conscience, was instrumental in securing Carter's release—and now, in an improbable twist of fate, is a Crown attorney in Kamloops, B.C. The special report was edited by Senior Editor Patricia Hickey.

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Clearwater Fine Foods in New Scotland is one of the world's largest producers of premium shellfish. They saw the enormous potential of an e-commerce solution that would reach customers they had never targeted before. Plus, it was an opportunity to streamline their business processes for greater internal efficiencies and, therefore, improved relationships with existing distribution channels.

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The Mail

Signing Gretzky

In the very short time since he retired from hockey, when he was known as the Great One for the many records he holds as a super hockey player, Wayne Gretzky is consistently on a supreme pace to set new records in the commercial world of advertising ("Wayne's new world," *Cover*, Nov. 22). Not showing any particular talent in these commer-

cising an unprecedented insanity. However, Gretzky should be careful about what products he endorses. I was lucky enough to have been given, in 1979, a Tiltan-branded hockey stick. I was 8, running up the steps of the hockey arena to show my acquaintance to my teammates. "It's the stick Wayne Gretzky plays with!" Not only did I believe it was the best stick on the market, I was certain it would make me play a better game of hockey. In 1979, only the products have changed. Recently, I watched a group of eight-year-old children at Gretzky's restaurant in Toronto. They were wide-eyed and exhilarated and most had No. 99 proudly displayed on their backs. I wonder if one of them might run up the steps of their local arena with a bottle of Tiltan in one hand and a Bud Light in the other?

I admire Wayne Gretzky and wish him good fortune. He is more than welcome to all the booty he can accumulate through product endorsements and other emoluments. However, he risks losing his credibility and image of integrity when he endorses a product by promoting his pain with arthritis when, in your words, "he has never been so diagnosed." My opinion of Gretzky has been lowered a notch or two because of his Tiltan ads. They resemble what a few many a very debaucherous athlete.

Jack M. Riley, North Saanich, B.C.

I was appalled to read that Canadians were endorsing Wayne Gretzky for his post-retirement endorsements. Gretzky is the epitome of class and he has done more for this country than we can ever imagine. I am proud to say I am Canadian when I see how highly he is regarded around the world. Why would we endorse him for his efforts, precisely those that benefit charities

Labour dot calm

I was really excited when I read "Online mediation" (*Opening*, Nov. 22). The description of insurance-claim arbitrations facilitated by Cybernetic.com struck me as exactly the type of collective bargaining tool needed for the settlement of labour disputes. Too often the consequences of labour disputes reach far beyond the participants and adversely impact a great many innocent people. If a service such as this does indeed "cut out the gouging and allow both parties to get down to business," my only question is how soon can it be online?

Ingolf Ström, Vienna

and other good causes? Would we criticize others for running a living to support their families and their lifestyle? Certainly not. Let's be proud of Gretzky and continue to admire him off the ice, as we did when he was on it.

Sonia Boyle, Stony Creek, Ont.

Nyah, nyah

Allan Fotheringham begins his column by lamenting the absence of standards and then demonstrates his thesis with a decidedly substandard rant ("Leaders without principles," Nov. 22). He gives an incorrect definition of responsible government, accuses our government of being absolutely powerful and absolutely corrupt, and makes unfounded generalizations about several national anthems. What is most infuriating is his infinite name-calling (twit, moron, sly-wo) and the wounding half truths that sound like bare talk at a jukehouse watering hole. Fotheringham and Don Cherry, both unapologetically provided with national stages, are living, loud-mouthed testimony to the sad fact that rude, offensive commentary is condoned and rewarded.

Brian Ryan, Inverness Bay, B.C.

Allan Fotheringham suggests David Colborne "obviously was hiding behind the door when they passed the bins out." I doubt if he was even in the building, but it is of little consequence. Boats



Gretzky making his image of integrity?

ails, but being honorarily commended for them, I suggest we now refer to him as the Gougley One.

Wayne Meier, Kanata, Ont.

Congratulations on a diplomatic article exploring the industry that is Wayne Gretzky. It is difficult to speak against a national hero who has found time for many good causes while main-

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Opening Notes

Edited by D'Arcy Smith

Hooked on video games

There are no 12-step programs yet for kids who can't look at the video-game habit, but Brent Stifford suggests they may be coming. In a persuasive hour-long video, the recent graduate of the masters in communication studies program at Simon Fraser University in Burnaby, B.C., documents the extent to which today's powerful, virtual-reality video games are purposely designed to engulf young minds in worlds that dominate them to violence, even killing. Games appeal to a player's emotions through increasingly intense cycles of conflict, challenge and reward—what designers call “ingredients of compulsion.” One designer even says on tape: “I like to make games that are addictive.”

Stifford worries that the games lure children into what he calls “a digital nirvana, where the body succumbs to the virtual reality.” Some of the 600 young players who participated in an SFU study of video games, Stifford says, reported symptoms of clinical addiction, withdrawing from friends, as well as other activities they enjoy, and being unable to stop playing. SFU research also shows that some hard-core players who prefer the most violent and realistic games “kill” as many as 1,000 “avatars” (on-screen characters) in a single night, often in scenes of gory retribution. “Video games,” Stifford concludes, “are making our kids not celebrate



SFU researcher Stifford: a “digital nirvana” where the player submits to virtual realities often filled with over-the-top

violence.” For some, he warns, “the repeated experience of killing is going to be translated into behavior.”

At the same time, Stifford says the \$17-billion a year video-game industry—bigger than film and television combined—has become the number 1 form of entertainment for children. Parents, he says, should know what their kids are playing—and recognize when a game becomes a compulsion.

Risking all for his book

Former Wall Street bond trader turned best-selling author Michael Lewis, 39, is candid about what made him put his life on the line for his latest nonfiction book when his wife was expecting. “I was greedy for the story,” he told *Marketwatch* while in Toronto promoting the *New York Times* best-selling thriller’s look at California’s Shoshone Valley. The focus of the book is billionaire Jim Clark, 54, founder of



Lewis “greedy for the story.”

head Silicon Graphics Inc., famous for its 3-D imaging software and hardware, and Netscape Communications Corp., the leading Internet browser. Getting close to his subject put Lewis, who has been aboard Clark’s \$73-million computerized ship during a violent December storm in the North Sea. Five more years and 100-hour winds tested the vessel, as well as the stamina of a son-of-a-gun crew. No one was less likely to quit, because the freezing water would have killed a person in minutes anyway. On one occasion not recounted in the

book, Lewis, best-known for his 1989 book, *Liar’s Poker*, visited Clark at his Palm Beach, Fla., mansion. What followed was a white-knuckle helicopter ride over swamp land with the tycoon—and novice pilot—at the controls. Clark landed in a clearing to warm greetings of “Hey Jim!” from people Lewis calls “swamp rats.” The author had wondered who Clark’s friends were. But over 18 months, he became one of the select few himself. Clark’s moment in the book was typical of the man. “This was just another sweatbacking risk to take,” Lewis says, “having someone in his life who might be dangerous.”

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A one-hit millionaire

As a child growing up in Montreal, Frank Mills never considered music as a career, even though he played trombone and piano. Now 57, Mills tried studying medicine at McGill University in the early 1960s, left to join the navy, but ended up enrolling in McGill's music school for a couple of years. He toured for two years with a pop band called The Bells, but quit for a solo career. Mills recorded a few albums, but only struck it rich after a recorded song from his 1976 album became an unexpected hit.

The song, which Mills describes as "a little funny piano tune," was called *After the Dinner By Chance*, he dropped it on the B-side of a 1978 single, and a deejay at Ontario's CFRA played it. "He called us 'love-lies-and-music.' I don't even get a line out of the studio, we are inundated with callers," recalls



Plucky Mills was, and in 1972 (right), at No. 1 for 26 consecutive

Mills, who was preparing to start driving taxi in Toronto. The single hit number 1 in 26 consecutive and sold more than five million copies. He still tours, which he's not in his Montreal-area cottage, his Vermont farm or his home in the Bahamas. But next year, Mills plans to write for good. "Let's face it," he says with a laugh, "I'm a millionaire."

Stennis Denied

In Ahab's wake

Pursuing the white whale has been a metaphor for self-destructive obsession ever since Herman Melville's half-mad captain led the *Pequod* to destruction in 1851. But British explorer Tim Severin in *Search of Moby Dick* (Glaxo, Bantam) doesn't quit for a real and creative career but the fictional underpinnings of Melville's *Moby Dick* Severin, whose previous adventures included crossing the Atlantic in an ice-bide boat to re-enact St. Brendan's legendary voyage, never did find a white leviathan during his visit to the Pacific. But he did encounter an extraordinary group of native whales—among them the Laysan, slender of Indonesia, who still hunt sperm whales by hand from Senege Age boats



Passages

Diving: Margaret Kemper, 51, ex-wife of former prime minister Pierre Trudeau, and her second husband, Fred Kemper, 50, an Ottawa police. The relationship broke down in part, the says, due to her grief over the December, 1978, death of 23-year-old Michael Trudeau, the youngest of three sons from her first marriage. She and Kemper will share custody of their children, Kyle, 14, and Alicia, 10.



Awarded: To Ottawa Hospital's Dr. Michel Chretien, 63, brother of the Prime Minister, and Dr. Nabil Seidah, 50, the Model of Honor from an arm of Canada's Research-based Pharmaceutical Companies in Montreal. Their work could lead to therapies for cancer, heart disease, Alzheimer's and several viruses.

Appointed: Michael Menna, dean of graduate studies at the University of Toronto, is a panel of Christian and Jewish scholars to review the Roman Catholic Church's role in the Second World War.

Commissioned: Toronto author Margaret Atwood, and Winnipeg composer Randall Peier, by Toronto's Canadian Opera Company, to create an opera about Métis poet E. Pauline Johnson.

Died: Howie Young, 63, a recovered alcoholic and former NHL winger who amassed 74 points and 851 penalty minutes during an eight-year career that ended in 1970-1971, of cancer, in Toronto, N.M.

Engaged: Caroline McElroy, 25, daughter of former prime minister Brian Mulroney, to American Andrew Lapham, 27, son of *Harper's* magazine editor Lewis Lapham. They met while she was working on Wall Street.

Died: Quentin Crisp, 90, in Manchester, England, where the flamboyant commentator was to begin a five-city tour of his one-man show. He gained notoriety with his 1968 book *The Naked Civil Servant*, about a gay man in power Britain.

This fall, the biggest stars aren't on the field.



Best-Sellers

- | Fiction | LAST WEEK |
|--|-----------|
| 1. A GOOD MAN IN PURSUIT (Simon & Schuster) 1 | |
| 2. THE HUNTER (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) 2 | |
| 3. PLUMMER (Doubleday) 3 | |
| 4. THE HUNTER (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) 4 | |
| 5. THE HUNTER (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) 5 | |
| 6. THE HUNTER (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) 6 | |
| 7. THE HUNTER (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) 7 | |
| 8. THE HUNTER (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) 8 | |
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Opening Notes

Explorer

Masterful digital dupes

For more than 50 years, an Italian company called Scala has been photographing paintings and sculptures housed in the great museums of Europe. Scala's archive, which includes more than 300,000 images, has been the source, among other things, of the *Museo Louvre* that appears on T-shirts and the Sistine Chapel scenes in magazine ads. Now, the Scala images will spread to everything from bath towels to casino ceilings in a venture launched by one of Scala's exiles, a French entrepreneur named Philippe de Siga and his Toronto-based partner, Perry Remy. Earlier this year, de Siga acquired worldwide rights to reproduce Scala images for interior or exterior design purposes.

In September, he and Remy formed companies in Toronto and New York City to market the images in North America. According to Remy, high-quality reproductions as small as place mats or as large as football fields can be printed on many materials, including marble, ceramic, glass and canvas. There are talks with distributors, including The Home Shopping Channel, to put out consumer products by the middle of next year. On a grander scale, the partners have won contracts to decorate the entrance of a Tokyo department store with 3.6-by-4.8-m images of *View*. And at the Venetian hotel in Las Vegas, persons gazing downward will see upon 1,400-square meters of Italian Renaissance scenes from the Scala collection.

Digital memoirs

A California-based software company is betting that every life makes a story. Life.com's program, which can be purchased for \$30 from the Web site, www.life.com, provides a way for users to write with a set of 50,000 questions designed to jog memories and create an orderly reminiscence. Some sample queries: "What was your earliest memory?" the sta-



The Philippe de Siga CD-ROM archive: football fields-sized art

pest thing you've ever done? your favorite toy at the age of 8? did you ever walk into a movie? The program also allows a user to add video images and voice or music recordings. The autobiography can be stored on a personal computer, a CD-ROM or at the company's Web site, where Internet users worldwide can read it—a prospect that might drive some artists back to the pen and pad.

Running smart

Reebok's new *Trackstar* running shoes for children, which arrive in Canada next February, come with a microprocessor built into the left shoe's tongue and three activator buttons to monitor skills in running, high jump and long jump. An accompanying manual explains how well children must perform to advance through grades of bronze, silver and gold. The running scale starts at 5.76 feet per second, equivalent to moving 100 m in 57 seconds, and ends at 36 feet per second, or an 11-second, 100-m dash (the average high-school pole finisher in 15 seconds). Children can enter the grade assigned on the activator buttons. If successful, the shoe rewards them with digital applause and a show of flashing lights, while a failed attempt results only a raspberry or buzzing sound.

Susan Oh



Peter C. Newman

The last king of Bay Street

Tony Fell, who resigned last week as CEO of RBC Dominion Securities—Bay Street's most influential investment house—was the last of his class. A secretive, charming workaholic, he had no small talk, and was observed about courting to the point of offending his office coffee. He worked out of an office at Toronto's downtown Royal Bank Plaza that looked as if it had been furnished with rejects from a building-renter's auction sale. His chair had holes in it; he wore a suit with holes when he leaved and his carpet was so worn that its original color had faded beyond identification.

His spare surrounding desk took him from dominating Bay Street. Since 1973, when he took over the helm at Dominion Securities, Fell was the competitor to lean in a big-ticker deal that was in play. His struggle was his mobility: He nudged the country—a regular on the red-eye flights that wasted the least working time—seeking out deals. He was constantly calling on accounts, new and old, drumming up new IPOs as well as merger and acquisition schemes, one aware that brought in particularly high fees because they create enhanced values. "The phone doesn't ring anymore," he once told me. "I never wait for clients to come calling. I'm always on the road, and I never see customers without bringing them a new idea."

Fell, 69, was the right field marshal under whose swagger stick Dominion has become almost obscenely profitable. Since 1996, its return on equity has never dipped below 32 percent, with the firm's 170 offices and divisions happily dividing up about \$900 million in dividends and bonuses in the past seven years. Fell himself regularly made twice as much as his boss, Royal Bank chairman John Cleghorn. In 1997, he took home a round \$6.3 million. At a dinner held to celebrate the lighting up of profits, Fell cleverly dealt with the universal criticism of his Everest earnings. "We've ever have a return on equity of more than 40 percent. I will immediately retire," he told his partners. "Which a good news for you and gives everyone less of incentive to work like hell. The bad news is that with my salary and bonuses, you'll never make it."

Since the Royal took control of Dominion Securities in 1988, it has become one of the bank's most profitable operating units. The brokerage house's revenues for 1999 will exceed the previous year's \$2 billion, and profits will be up correspondingly. One indication of the firm's clout on Nov. 1, 1998, when Dominion's parent claim division was transferred into the Royal Bank's wealth management department, new-advice over an astounding \$85 billion changed hands.

Though he seldom talks to journalists, shortly before he resigned Fell spent most of a morning with me, speculating

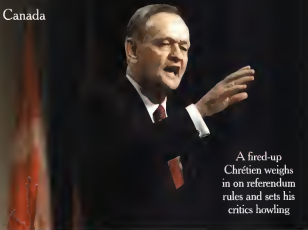
about his industry and his company's future. "The biggest challenge we have," he told me, "is keeping up with new technology because it's a tidal wave. Also, the whole reason it fits of the business is changing. We're moving away from serving clients to making most of our money by trading securities on our own account. Of course, when you're trading large trading books of your own, the risk profile increases."

Because of the Internet's stunning impact on Bay Street's traditional investment banking business—with the day traders, operating out of their home PCs rooms, taking over an increasing share of the market—Fell predicts a revolutionary new direction for his industry. "The trading floors have gone and our clients can do their own trades through our system, without anybody ever seeing or touching them," he said. "The only way we're going to be able to stay in business," he predicts, "and the only reason people will continue to deal with us will be if we provide first-class advice and research that will yield above-average performance. Trades can be done for nothing electronically now, so in the future we'll be paid counselling fees instead of sales commissions."

The future of any financial institution these days is in the global marketplace, and Fell feels the pressure. "We've got a strong franchise in Canada," he says, "and we don't try to compete with Morgan Stanley and Goldman Sachs, but pick our niche markets. For example, we bought the Hambrecht bond-trading group in London and now dominate the raising of money for firms with top credits in South Africa, Australia and Greece. We have a highly profitable equity derivatives operation in New York, but don't permit to be competing across the board. I agree with Warren Buffett's advice: 'Never repeat beyond your circle of competence.'"

Despite his success and his fairness, Fell and his Dominion operation were lately being increasingly squeezed into an uncomfortable little ground. On one side are the small but rampaging specialty houses, such as Yorkton Securities, which have taken over leadership in financing the high-tech sector; on the other, such giants as Merrill Lynch, which, through the acquisition of Midland Wilkshire, have become Bay Street's category killers.

It was typical of Anthony Strathairn Fell that while his resignation was reported as being "sudden" and "unexpected," it was nothing of the sort. Fell had put in a rule that senior operating executives had to resign by the age of 60, but everyone expected he would exempt himself from that rule. This was the man who was the master of the magic mark, and he promptly left his seat of power to head a board of directors, but not the company. In his world, rules have no exceptions.



A fired-up
Chrétien weighs
in on referendum
rules and sets his
critics howling

The Scrapper's Fight

By Bruce Wallace

No one doubts the sincerity of Jean Chrétien's unabashed, if sometimes hollow, expression of love for Canada. His years as prime minister may best be remembered for ending the spirit of deficit spending by federal governments, but Chrétien has always envisaged leaving a less acrimonial legacy. The current policy debate in Ottawa—all that sober talk about high taxes and whether the brain drain is real or phony—argues the Prime Minister to taste much of his natural exuberance for politics. Only when the subject turns to national unity does the jump return to his step. Issues come and go, he has always told associates, but keeping the country together is the one task that hangs over everything a prime minister does. And nothing riles Chrétien up like a good brawl with those who would break up the country.

So Chrétien was back in his comfort zone last week, his fist pumping, his voice rising, as he explained why he is prepared to set out rules for a future Quebec independence ref-

erendum and thus raise the bar for those who would take Quebec out of Canada. "Canada is my business, yes, and this is the future of Canada," he said to a reporter who asked why he was re-opening Quebec separatism at a time when his fortunes are in free fall. Those rules, said Chrétien, would conform to last year's Supreme Court of Canada opinion, which said Quebec cannot separate unless it wins a clear majority in a referendum on a clear question. The Prime Minister said he would judge whether future questions were clear enough ("Do you want Quebec to become a country?" was one suggestion he offered). And he declared that a simple majority of 50 per cent plus one was not enough to start the process of negotiating Quebec's withdrawal from Confederation. The reaction from Chrétien's critics was as predictable as snow in winter: a chorus of indignation from Quebec nationalists, and howls from opposition leaders who said Chrétien's incursion into what is seen in Quebec as a family fight

was a mistake, needlessly stirring resentment in the province.

With that, another chapter opened in the national unity battle that most Canadians assumed had been over since the rug. And there was much screaming over very little substance. Since the new issue of the 1995 Quebec referendum, Chrétien has been insisting he would never again allow the separation to use ambiguity to take the country to the brink of breakup. And since the 1998 Supreme Court opinion spelling out the importance of clarity, he and his advisers have debated how to use that legal hurdle to their advantage. Federalists believe that support for sovereignty is only as high as it is because many Quebecers believe they are voting for a new partnership with Canada, not a breakup.

Despite his vow to do something, Chrétien had no answers to the what, when and how—the "mechanics," as he described them—of his plan. He did not unveil what level of majority support would mean his own definition of clarity. He did not say whether Ottawa's definition of a clear question would be presented in the form of legislation, a motion in Parliament, a white paper or a simple prime ministerial statement. He did not even say when he would act, other than to hint that the rules could come in any time.

Other leaders did not need details to comment, of course. In Ottawa, Chrétien got a noisy ride from the opposition parties. Opposition leader Preston Manning suggested Chrétien was "being driven by his ego, not the interests of Canadians." And Terry MP André Bouchard asked Chrétien "Is it a declaration of war?" From Quebec, City Premier Lucien Bouchard characteristically reacted as if federal troops had mobilized on Quebec's borders. "Quebec will not accept such an infringement on its democratic life," he said. Bouchard warned that Chrétien was demonstrating Ottawa would never negotiate a new partnership in good faith—even if Quebec came to the table armed with the mandate of a referendum victory. And, said Bouchard, if Ottawa refused to negotiate after a *Yes* vote, "the door will be wide open to a unilateral declaration of independence."

Bouchard's volcanic reaction was open to Chrétien. The Quebec premier seemed to be saying he could use any vague question of his choosing to win a referendum and, if Ottawa refused to recognize the result, take the province out of Canada. That is the very scenario that terrifies so many soft Quebec nationalists, who may like the idea of voting for changes to the federation but are terrified at the economic and political uncertainty that would likely accompany a cold-

calcy split from Canada. A fired-up Chrétien told his weekly caucus meeting that Bouchard had made a huge blunder.

Liberal MPs were willing to give the Prime Minister his head last week, but all a not happy inside the Liberal family. Several Quebec ministers, notably Finance Minister Paul Martin, are reluctant to defend a position they are not comfortable with. Martin and Chrétien's differences over Quebec go back to the 1990 Liberal leadership contest, which was fought in the pressure-cooker dying days of the Meech Lake accord. Chrétien opposed Meech Lake's recognition of Quebec as a distinct society, and in fact used the issue to generate momentum in the party to try to push out John Turner. Like Turner, Martin supported the deal, and has always been more accommodating towards Quebec nationalists.

The result is a profound distrust between the two most powerful Liberals over Quebec strategy. Chrétien son Martin as too soft, his supporters point to the finance minister's reluctance to rely on his personal popularity in Quebec by taking on Bouchard directly. For his part, Martin does not want to be shunted to Chrétien's Quebec policies, and is always looking to keep some distance between them. Martin spent three days ducking questions on whether he supported Chrétien's position on the referendum last week, before finally offering a tepid endorsement. "The Prime Minister and I have worked very closely together for quite a number of years now and let there be no doubt, I support the Prime Minister," he said. But he also said the hows and whens of Chrétien's plan were still being debated in cabinet.

Chrétien showed no signs of doubt in the course he has set. He went to Liberal fund-raising dinners in Charlottetown and St. John's, Nfld., where he brought promises to their feet—and won declarations of support from Newfoundland Premier Brian Tobin—with his emotional "Right for Canada" refrain. "The leaders of the other parties will say 50 per cent plus one vote is enough to break a country that has been built by our grandfathers," he thundered. "I stand here in Charlottetown in 1857 and these guys can break it with one vote!" Chrétien was slightly off with his dates (the Charlottetown conference was in 1864), as he is wont to be, but he played ahead. "And I sit alone because they want to score political points," said the Prime Minister. "I will not apologize to anybody to stand alone for Canada anywhere in my life." Chrétien is standing just where he wants to be, the fight still clearly in him. ■



Bouchard in Quebec's national assembly roaring as if troops had moved on the province's borders



Ottawa butts up against Big Tobacco

The government aims a new campaign at teen smoking

Player's Filter is a more adult alternative than Export X in that the latter cannot yet deal with women while the former 'can get along with women' and is OK to show feelings.

—Imperial Tobacco Ltd.
internal marketing report, 1985,
released last week

Ahh, that first kiss. That first cigarette. That first realization you were being manipulated by the tobacco companies. Welcome to the new first in the war against teen smoking. The first volley was fired in June in tough new national anti-smoking commercials, some inspired from Massachusetts. They include the image of a young girl smoking a cigarette juxtaposed with one of an elderly woman on a hospital

lung machine while an announcer invokes industry jargon about the need to create "replacement smokers." Then, last week, Health Minister Allan Rock moved in the heavy artillery.

There was the minister himself waving a batch of tobacco industry documents, part of the 1,200 or so pages called from the monumental legal battles that have been taking place south of the border, and endorsing a "special adviser" Jeffrey Wigand, the celebrated tobacco industry whistle-blower whose story has become the stuff of the current Hollywood movie *The Insider*. In cynical Ottawa, there was a perception Rock was trying to steal a PR punch on cabinet rival Paul Martin. After all, it was Finance Minister Martin's dramatic anti-

Teenage on a puff blow: cackles?

smuggling tax rollback of almost \$20 a carton in 1994 (when coupled with coordinated tax reductions in Quebec and Ontario) that led to a noticeable uptick in the number of teen smokers. But anti-smoking advocates say the purpose of the exercise is much more involved: nothing less than to turn the image-making tables on the industry itself.

Nothing much else has worked. The finger-wagging ads that say smoking is bad have had almost a reverse effect, studies have shown, encouraging rebellious kids to light up in defiance of adult authority. Even the health warnings on a pack of cigarettes have become stale, Ottawa's polling data are saying. But "the most effective campaigns have been the ones that seek to turn teenagers against the industry, to show them they are being played for suckers," says University of British Columbia marketing professor Richard Pollock, one of the country's foremost experts on tobacco-advertising. Teenagers need something to rebel against—parents, teachers, authority figures, explains Pollock. That is exactly how cigarette manufacturers

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A new wave of advertising campaigns seeks to turn rebellious teenagers against the cigarette companies

market their wares, appealing to a personal sense of identity, or the rugged individual, for instance, or the sensitive rule. The trick now is to run the table and get young people to rebel against an industry portrayed as secretive, manipulative, caring only about its own profits.

Will the strategy work? Massachusetts and California are held up as the two most aggressive campaigns against the industry.

(British Columbia is so far the only Canadian province to take the industry to court seeking health-care damages. Provincial Health Minister Penny Priddy says the campaign works only if it is fought on a variety of fronts at once, and if teenagers are encouraged to develop their own anti-smoking messages targeted at their own ethnic groups.) "To be honest," says Cynthia Gillard, executive director of the advocacy group Physicians for a Smoke-Free Canada, "the data have not shown significant reductions in teen smoking in California or Massachusetts. But at least there has been no increase, as in the case in Canada."

Massachusetts, which began its campaign almost seven years ago, is in fact claiming that a recent survey shows a decline in teenage smoking rates. But the survey's margin of error is so large (plus or minus eight percentage points) as to overshadow the findings. Still, industry is very enough of such campaigns that in a recent \$300-million settlement in Florida, the tobacco industry agreed to fund anti-smoking messages as long as they do not attack the industry directly. Rock does not seem interested in this kind of compromise. Says Gillard, "Before, when we went to Health Canada, there was an overwhelming sense that we were an overburdened industry and the industry. Now, the tobacco issue is being treated more like racism or drunk driving. The government is not trying to balance competing interests but to achieve a social objective."

For the industry, that social objective is

nothing less than domination, something an spokesman object to strongly. But it is hard for the companies to fight their own words from long-ago documents where the content is not always clear. The 50 pages of confidential Health Minister Rock released last week were filled with astonishing code names and pronouns—but were something less than a smoking gun. Did Canada



Wigand (front) and Rock finger-wagging fall

tobacco companies target young people? An excerpt from a 1989 slide show by Imperial Tobacco Ltd. says the company "has always focused its efforts on new smokers, believing that only perceptions and to stay with them throughout their lives." The company kept making information on smokers as young as 15 and was prepared at one point to fund a hospital research study on the brain waves of young smokers. But Imperial says these remarks are being taken out of context and that it always considered the "young adult" market to be from 16 to 25, 16 being the legal age to buy tobacco until it was increased in 1989. Did the companies consider "spiking" some of their products with more nicotine? Yes, but in the context of reducing the tar and other health-affecting junk while still delivering the nicotine "fix" that smokers expect.

The most intriguing oddity from the documents may have been the news that Imperial Tobacco, the country's largest cigarette manufacturer, had tried in the

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mid-1980s to convince its parent, the giant British-American Tobacco Co. Ltd., to develop and market a "safe" cigarette. It was turned aside on the grounds that to do so might suggest the current product was unsafe.

The good news for the health-conscious is that smoking has been steadily declining since the late 1960s, when cancer and health links were documented. In Canada, it has even declined in both the adult and, slightly, in the teen category since the beginning of the decade. But teen smoking has picked up significantly among young people since prices were dropped in 1994. An annual Ontario survey of smoking among students aged 12 to 18 shows that smoking rates increased from 26 per cent in 1993 to 28 per cent in 1999.

The lesson of the past five years is that price matters. According to a study by the Canadian Cancer Society and others, in the five provinces that did not reduce tobacco taxes in 1994, per-capita consumption decreased 24 per cent. In the five that did reduce taxes (Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and P.E.I.), consumption went down only eight per cent. After Ottawa and the five low-tax provinces agreed to raise tobacco taxes, prices went up in early November by a modest \$1.28 on a carton of cigarettes in Quebec, a little less in Ontario. The resident price of about \$32 a carton in Ontario and Quebec pales beside the equivalent \$48 price in neighbouring New York, \$51 in Michigan. In fact, according to the Cancer Society calculations, Ontario and Quebec now have the lowest cigarette prices in all of North America, lower even than the tobacco state of Kentucky. Health Minister Rock says Ottawa has no intention of taking the tobacco companies to court, as in the United States, to get them to pay for the health costs of smoking through the price of a package of cigarettes. By keeping taxes and prices down, he may be leaving the provinces to go that route.

Robert Sheppard



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A stain that will not fade

When Marc Lépine massacred 14 women, he shook a nation and sparked an anti-gun crusade

By Anthony Wilson-Smith

The nightmares that haunted Heidi Rathjen for such a long time seem to have disappeared. For years, she snapped awake at night, consumed by remembered sounds of screams, shouts and the popping of an assault rifle. Rathjen was reliving real life: On Dec. 6, 1989, she spent 45 minutes huddled in silent terror in a student lounge at the University of Montreal, while Marc Lépine, a 25-year-old semi-insane with a hatred of women, turned the halls, shooting at any female he saw. "Whenever we thought things had quieted down," Rathjen recalled later, "another round of bullets would shatter the silence, smashing our hopes." By the time Lépine's rampage ended as he turned the gun on himself, he had killed 14 women and wounded another 13 people. Rathjen, then a 22-year-old engineering student at the university's École polytechnique and now an anti-terrorist activist, considers herself "one of the lucky ones: the nightmares are a small thing next to keeping my life."

That may be so—but like so many people in and outside the university that day, her life changed forever. In many ways, it is only now, on the eve of the 10th anniversary of what has become known as the Montreal Massacre, that the full consequences are clear. Along with the lost and shattered lives of the dead and bereaved, Canadians confronted the circumstances that led to the killing. One consequence was more rigorous gun-control legislation—and a bruising debate on the subject that still continues. "The assumptions that most Canadians made about gun regulation



Rathjen: concerned about being—"It is too easy to just dismiss her as a victim"

in our country changed forever that day," says Wendy Cukier, the Toronto-based president of the Coalition for Gun Control. She speaks from first-hand experience, although she did not know any of the victims; she co-founded the coalition as a direct result of the massacre.

The deaths also caused men and women alike to confront the contentious question of whether Lépine, who carried an anti-feminist manifesto with him, was simply a crazed social outcast—or a shocking manifestation of the deep-rooted hatred some men

have against women. "My view," says Rathjen, "is that it is too easy to just dismiss him as a crazed."

A decade later, this year's commemorative events will be the biggest yet. Most major Canadian municipalities planned at least one ceremony marking the anniversary. Montreal, Toronto, Edmonton and Vancouver are among the cities that established memorials, and the anniversary is always observed in the House of Commons.

Not surprisingly, ceremonies and other efforts are held on the largest scale in Quebec. Last week, 14 female singers

One male witness could not bear the guilt and killed himself. Later, his parents took their lives.

from the province released a song called *Quatre-vingt (Forty)* in memory of the dead, with proceeds earmarked for a foundation for families of the victims. In Montreal, more than 10,000 people, many of them students who are being given the day off, will attend an anti-violence rally on Dec. 6 at the Molson Centre. Later, the Montreal Symphony Orchestra will give a concert at which it will perform Mozart's *Aquas*, and the next night, some of Quebec's top singers will hold another benefit. As they do each year, survivors of the massacre, and victims' families, will meet at a plaque at the University of Montreal not far from Room 303—where Lépine began his ranting.

The toll of death and wanted lives began—but did not end—there. In his killing spree, Lépine divided men and women into two groups, and then shot the women while the men stood by, helpless. Eight months later, one male witness, unable to bear his guilt at doing nothing, killed himself. Ten months after that, his grief-stricken parents took their own lives. And Nadia Gauthier, the estranged younger sister of Lépine who had often tolerated him, became harassed and drug-addicted in the aftermath, and died of an overdose at age 28. Others who witnessed the event have had a variety of psychological troubles.

In life, Lépine was known as a shy, quiet loner. He had no police record, and did not smoke, drink or use drugs. In retrospect, his hobbies and failings appear as signposts to the explosion that was to come. One former teacher recalled his "strange, faraway eyes," and said he seldom seemed happy. A friend recalled Lépine "had a lot of problems" with girls and never had a committed relationship. He never held a job for long, and had few interests or obvious abilities—with one notable exception. He liked and was proficient at target shooting, and could crack and kill birds on flight with one shot.

When Lépine entered his rampage, witnesses said he stayed calm throughout, spraying bullets above him, then carefully reloading.

The killings forced Canadians to reconsider the oft-repeated boast that death by gunfire is an American phenomenon. And the women were all, by definition, exceptionally bright and talented: the University of Montreal's engineering faculty is widely recognized as the best in Quebec, and among the best in Canada. The fact that the slain women seemed to have been targeted because of their brains and ability spurred others into action. Cukier, the mother of a girl who was one year old at the time of the shooting, was deeply moved. In her off-hours from her job teaching business and justice at Toronto's Ryerson Polytechnic University, she began clipping names from newspapers of people commenting on the need for new gun legislation. She wrote them with an invitation to join her nascent Coalition for Gun Control—and a movement was born that today claims about 12,000 supporters and the backing of about 350 organizations. Both critics and supporters

say the coalition was instrumental in the passage of Bill C-17 in 1991 and the Firearms Act in 1995. The most recent law requires registration of all firearms, screening licenses for gun owners, a national information system on gun owners and their firearms, and a ban on semi-automatic military assault weapons. It has saved lives, Cukier insists, but, she adds, "we don't pretend any legislation could have stopped the massacre."

That, say opponents, is one of the reasons why the legislation is an expensive and unnecessary intrusion into the right of law-abiding gun owners. By the time it is fully implemented in 2011, the gun-registration process will have cost taxpayers about \$500 million. And by forcing a lengthy and complex registration process, says Reform party MP



The scene: the panicked, tightly grouped students

Garry Boudreau, the party's critic on the issue, "the government is making it hard for decent people to abide by the law, and doing nothing to punish those already intent on breaking it." Similar feelings run high in rural areas, where gun use is a part of everyday life. Reform strongly opposes the legislation, as does about half the New Democratic Party caucus and the Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario and New Brunswick governments are jointly challenging the legislation's constitutionality before the Supreme Court.

Hardy, who worked with Cukier until 1996, left the coalition after the legislation passed because she felt "most of the battle was won." But Cukier continues as a "full-time volunteer" because, she says, "I'm still afraid of what a noisy minority can do to change things." Over the years, she has received hate mail, bones of human and several death threats. But on a personal level, she sees one upside: Her 11-year-old daughter, Smith, "grew up hearing continually about current affairs, and she's got strong views on some pretty complex issues." As for the gun control law, says Cukier, "Sarah grew up thinking she is responsible for it." And while debate continues over the legislation's effectiveness, everyone hopes her generation will never have to confront the lethal combination of anger, apathy and anguish that led to its creation. ■

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The retired general atop the roof of Belfast's Peace Hotel, where he stays, seeking IRA acceptance

Straight Shooter

Time rests lightly upon the shoulders of John de Chastelain. Maybe it has something to do with the uniform, the one he wore for 40 years, serving not once but twice in Canada's top soldier. He is not wearing it on this particular afternoon, sitting in the sparsely office he occupies on the Newsweek Road on the outskirts of Belfast. But it is there in spirit, in the military bearing, the crisp language and the cool, concise tones he uses to describe yet another critical moment in the search for peace in Northern Ireland. In just those days, 1958 members of the Ulster Unionist Party's ruling council would have it in their collective power to sink the entire peace effort, wasting years of patient endeavor, not least by the general. Yet in the midst of what is clearly a gathering crisis, he remains unfappable. "The clock's ticking," he says in his soldierly way. "But there's time. We can still get the job done."

The job is not easy, collecting and discouraging the guns that have filled to overflowing the graveyards—and prisons—in Northern Ireland for close to three decades. De Chastelain

has been taking it in the tank for two years, ever since he was appointed chairman of the infamously titled Independent International Commission on Decommissioning. In that period, he has also managed to "decommission" much a grand total of four submachine-guns, two rifles, two pistols, two pipe bombs and one sword-of-daggers. But de Chastelain holds the key to unlocking the door to peace in the troubled province. And last week, he stood closer than he has ever been, measuring his prospects for success with his usual calm deliberation. "There's a chance it might happen," he says, "probably a little better than 50 per cent. If it does, we're on target. And if it doesn't? He swears with pursed lips, raised eyebrows.

The retired Canadian general had good reason to be optimistic. He delivered his comments as he awaited the outcome of one of those crucial gatherings that have marked the apparently slow progress of the Northern Ireland peace process. On Saturday, David Trimble, the province's first minister-designate, convened a session of the ruling council

Throughout Northern Ireland's tortuous peace process, Canada's John de Chastelain has won respect from all sides

of the Ulster Unionist Party he leads. He was seeking authorization to proceed with a new deal brokered by former U.S. senator George Mitchell during 10 weeks of exhaustive talks designed to revive the stalled implementation of the 1998 Good Friday peace agreement. Under the plan, Trimble abandoned his party's long-standing policy of "no guns, no government"—ending its opposition to allowing Sinn Féin, the political arm of the Irish Republican Army, into a power-sharing provincial government until the IRA had at least made a start on decommissioning its arsenal. In return, there was a tacit commitment by Sinn Féin and the IRA to begin handing over arms to de Chastelain's commission days, perhaps weeks, after joining the new government.

As last Saturday's Unionist conference drew closer, however, doubts mounted over Trimble's ability to sell the project to his badly riven party, raising the unsettling prospect not only of Trimble's political demise but also of the scuttling of the Good Friday agreement itself, probably for good. In the end, party members agreed—by a vote of 58 per cent in favour—to support Trimble, but only after the leader consented to reorganize the council until February for a "reassessment." In effect, the Ulster Unionists gave the IRA two months to begin dismantling. "We've done our bit," declared a relieved Trimble after the vote. "Sinn Féin President Gerry Adams, it's over to you. We've jumped, you follow."

Trimble's narrow triumph breathes new life into the Good Friday accord, clearing the way for de Chastelain to finally saddle the job he was appointed to perform. But it also marks a small victory for the general himself, a confirmation of the policy of even-handed, almost rigid neutrality he has doggedly pursued since he assumed his post in December, 1997. For there is no doubt that de Chastelain's cool manner and personal probity played a role in persuading doubting Unionists to accept Trimble's gamble that the IRA subunits will eventually surrender their arms. The new British cabinet minister in charge of Ulster affairs, Northern Ireland Secretary Peter Mandelson, recognized as much in his attempt to sell the Mitchell-sponsored deal to the province's skeptical Protestant community. In speech after speech, he reassured the Protestants that the IRA would disarm because, as he told one Belfast audience last week, "they know that Gen. John de Chastelain is a man of complete integrity who will not be put off by provocations, or persuaded that black is white. He will tell it as it is."

Throughout his tenure as head of the decommissioning

authority, as well as during the two years he served on the Mitchell commission that brokered the Good Friday agreement, de Chastelain has maintained a reputation for straight talk—sometimes to the discomfort of both the British and Irish governments that appointed him. There are still factions in the British Northern Ireland office who complain, as one privately muttered to *Macleod*, about "your general's not always helpful attitudes." Last summer, as the politician in London and Dublin sought desperately to resurrect a near-collapse peace process, de Chastelain was believed to have come under pressure to fudge his lack of progress on decommissioning. The ground, it was said, is always, will only admit that his initial report last July "was not what everybody wanted." After a moment's deliberation, he added, "We could not afford any accusations of dissembling. That would have made our job impossible. We need the confidence of all sides here."

The general certainly appears to have that, which is in itself something of a surprise given his background. His surname is Huguenot, betraying his French Protestant roots. Now 62, de Chastelain was born in Bucharest, the Romanian capital, the son of a Scottish petroleum engineer and an American-born mother. Both of his parents were British spies. His father, stationed in the British army's special Special Operations Executive during the Second World War, was captured behind the lines in Romania after parachuting into the country. His mother, a fugitive, spent the war years working first for Sir William Stephenson, the celebrated Witsberg-born agent code-named *Tramp*, then at the London headquarters of MI-6, Britain's overseas intelligence service.

After growing up in Britain, de Chastelain immigrated to Calgary in 1955 to join his parents. At 18, he enlisted as a private in the Calgary Highlanders, then enrolled as an officer cadet at the Royal Military College in Kingston, Ont., graduating in 1960 with a degree in history. "It's not the sort of background many in Ulster would find acceptable," he modestly admits. "I'm British-born, attended the British army's staff college, and to top it all off, I'm a Presbyterian." Initially, objections about de Chastelain did emanate from the Roman Catholic, staunchly Irish republicans in Sinn Féin. But those only complaints are never voiced now by Catholics or Protestants in Northern Ireland, that is a battlefield where can make.

Barry Carras in Belfast

The train to nowhere

Refugees fleeing Moscow's brutal campaign in Chechnya face grim conditions

By Malcolm Gray in Naurin

At dusk, the orange lamplight from a train hundreds of cars long fosters the appearance of warmth and normality. It is an illusion. The green train to nowhere is destined in the southern Russian republic of Ingushetia to provide shelter for some of the 220,000 refugees who have fled Moscow's war to make control of landlocked Chechnya next door. As many as 60 men, women and children are jammed into each car, huddling together against the cold night of the Caucasus foothills. Those who have reached this inadequate sanctuary are the lucky ones of the unlucky.

Thousands of civilians still in Chechnya face the advance last week of more than 50,000 soldiers clanking the capital, Grozny, backed by devastating artillery and air strikes. Russian generals are bent on avenging their humiliating defeat by Chechen rebels in 1996, and they have shown little concern about how they do it. While there is no definitive count of civilians killed, more than 2,000 wounded patients lie in Ingush hospitals alone. "All we want is to live normal, ordinary lives," says 48-year-old Zlita Djemalova, sitting in a railway car with only an inadequate wood burning stove for warmth. She recently arrived from Grozny with her husband, Shamil, two young children and their grandmother. "Russia wants to kill us all," she says, "and the world doesn't care."

Caucasus and other countries have stepped up criticism of Moscow's brutal war in the North Caucasus, arguing that its fierce and indiscriminate use of



A Chechen woman weeps outside the refugee railcars in Ingushetia, contemplating

force against civilians has gone well beyond the initial goal of wiping out Chechnya-based terrorism where the Kremlin blames for blowing up apartment buildings in Moscow and two other cities this fall. But Western officials are also acutely aware that they can do little without Russian co-operation, and say Chechnya must not be allowed to damage the crucial relationship with Moscow. After Russian President Boris Yeltsin, brutally hospitalized again last week for what doctors said was acute bronchitis, named Chechnya as "purely an internal matter." Russian leaders blithely deny that the rising death toll among civilians and the continuing exodus to Ingushetia add up to a humanitarian catastrophe.

Tell that to Ruslan Aukhe, Ingushetia's 45-year-old president. Recognizable for his trademark bushy moustache and military fatigues, the Afghan war veteran boldly accuses the Russian military of targeting and killing civilians and has appealed for international aid. The refugees now threaten to double his impoverished republic's population

of 340,000 people. "This is a human tragedy," he says. Due to the strong historic ties between Chechens and Ingushs, practically every family in Ingushetia has taken in friends, relatives and complete strangers. Yet at least 25,000 people have found nowhere they are housed in railway cars and are steadily test cases that have sprung up near the Chechen border outside Naurin, the Ingush capital.

Food is scarce at the makeshift settlement overlooking the grandly named Ingushetia International Airport where Djemalova's family stays. She estimates that the hard-pressed Ingush authorities, who get little help from Moscow, give out only about 10 g of bread a day to each refugee. Outside the railcars, husband Shamil puts down the one that he and a vacuum pensioner have used to split a few damp loaves they have collected. "Food is going to be a problem," says Shamil. "It's already getting cold and everyone is looking for wood to burn."

Shamil takes potshots to his grizzled complexion and tells a story about Russian-Chechen distrust dating from the

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days of Soviet dictator Joseph Stalin, "Yusup was 15 in 1944," recounts Sharaf, "when Stalin accused the Chechens—and the Ingush, too—of collaborating with the Nazis. He rounded up almost all of them and deported them to Kazakhstan. Yusup and many others made it back from the camps in 1957, but look at him now. Once again, the Russians have forced him onto a train—even if this one isn't going anywhere." The memory of that fortunate deportation to Soviet Central Asia remains so intense that leader Aushev had to send in bulldozers to pile up dirt barriers in front of the refugee houses before recent arrivals, who feared another mass deportation, came to board them.

Life is not easy for relief workers either. The ever-present risk of kidnapping by rebel gangs, who demand \$1 million (U.S.) for a snatched foreigner,

as well as Moscow's reluctance to admit outsiders into Chechnya, have kept many international aid workers out of the war zone. The international Red Cross has yet to return in force. The organization pulled expatriate members out of the region late in 1996 after unidentified gunmen murdered six of its employees, including a Canadian nurse, in a Chechnya hospital.

Omer Oussov no longer puts much faith in the protection promised by the red cross. At 56, he has worked as a doctor for 30 years, most recently at a psychiatric hospital near the village of Samakh in western Chechnya. "Our hospital was clearly marked with red crosses but Russian troops attacked it anyway," he says. "They shot up the place, lifting the head doctor and wounding me in the left leg."

Now, he is recovering in an overcrowded regional hospital in Nazran that can provide only basic drugs and simple surgical procedures to the casualties of war. Among his fellow patients is a 13-year-old boy who had his bomb-shattered legs amputated by men from



Russian soldiers near Grozny prepare to fire a grenade launcher against

his village. Abdul Nurali, another 13-year-old boy, lies in a bed in the camp; his right leg filled with shrapnel he took just as the family was preparing to flee Grozny in their Lada. "He got out just before a bomb from a plane destroyed the car," says his mother, Laila. "Otherwise, he'd be dead." As Russian onslaught continues, many more will not be so lucky. □

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A cross-border tug of love

Four-year-old Nicole Kerr enters a courthouse in Monroe, Mich., where her aunt, Beverly Cotta (left), is fighting to keep the child from being sent to her parents in Ottawa, Cotta, 62, has raised Nicole since she was a day old, but now her parents—Cotta's younger brother Jack Hayward, 45, and his wife, Lorena Kerr, 38—want her back. The Children's Aid Society had seized the couple's first four children, so Lorena gave birth to Nicole in Monroe and left her with Cotta. A judge ruled Nicole should stay put until custody is settled next year.

Hillary Clinton makes it official

It was the least surprising announcement of the political season, but still a polite rebuke about the intensity of the battle. After 11 months of talking about it, first Lady Hillary Clinton confirmed that she will run for the U.S. Senate from New York some next year. A formal announcement is due in January after the races from the White House to the Clintons' newly purchased home in Ithaca, New York. Her timing, last week was clearly designed to counter rumors that the might pull out due to

her falling poll numbers compared with those of New York Mayor Rudy Giuliani, who is almost certain to be her Republican opponent.

Clinton made guests after Sasha Anzil, wife of Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat, claimed, while introducing Clinton during a recent "West Bank visit," that Israel had used poison gas on Palestinians. Jewish leaders were angry that Clinton did not immediately challenge the statement, which Yasser Arafat later retracted. But both Clintons, 52, and Giuliani, 55, face another year of such minor controversies in a tough, tight race. In one recent vote poll, Clinton was backed by 43 per cent of respondents, Giuliani by 50

Croatia without Tudjman

Croatia's constitutional court effectively stripped authoritarian President Franjo Tudjman of his powers, ruling that the 77-year-old leader was too sick to govern. Aides said he was fighting for his life. Hospitalized for emergency intestinal surgery on Nov. 1 and removed to home care, Tudjman led the country to independence in 1991. The speaker of parliament was to rule for 60 days.

Death for Kurdish leader

A Turkish appeals court upheld the death sentence handed to Abdullah Ocalan, leader of the 15-year Kurdish rebellion that has claimed 30,000 lives. European Union officials said an executive could strip Turkey's ban to join the EU. But Turkey's parliament and president must approve all executions, and no death sentence has been carried out since 1984.

Massive German bailout

German Chancellor Gerhard Schröder forced reluctant banks to rescue the country's second-biggest construction firm from bankruptcy. The \$3.5-billion bailout of debt-ridden Philipp Holzmann AG, which employs 70,000 workers, damaged financial markets and helped send the euro to new lows against the dollar.

Evangelists' ex in scandal

Gerald Marie, former husband of Canadian supermodel Linda Evangelista, migrated as European chief of the Elton model agency after a BBC TV program caught him on a hidden camera boasting that he planned to have sex with women in an agency car. Their average age is 15. Marie, 48, who split with Evangelista, now 34, in 1993, also offered \$800 to a woman TV reporter, posing as an upstart model, if she would sleep with him.

Two ferry tragedies

Nearly 290 people are believed to have died in a ferry accident off the north coast. Clansville port of Yonisi. The vessel had broken apart in the wake of a fire. Another ferry sank after running aground off the west coast of Norway, leaving 11 dead and nine missing.



People

No. 99's last stop

3,000 attend Gretzky's Hall of Fame induction ceremony

Wayne Gretzky retired as a player last spring with an astounding 61 NHL records, and he may well have set a new, unofficial mark for the league and greatest Hockey Hall of Fame induction ceremony ever. Some 3,000 people—triple the usual crowd—witnessed the Nov. 22 event, including Gretzky's wife, Janet, their three children, his father, Walter, and mother, Phyllis, and former players such as Gordie Howe, Bobby Hull and Jean Beliveau. Most to the end, the Great One acknowledged he is still adjusting to life without hockey. "I'll probably miss the game more than it misses Wayne Gretzky."

Gretzky and family members: he admits he's still adjusting to life without hockey

Corruption's long arm

Scott Turow basically inverted the contemporary lawyer-turned-novelist school of thriller writing in 1987 with *Poisoned Justice*. Now, with the recent release of his fifth runaway best-seller, Turow may be better described as a novelist who sometimes practices law. *Personal Injury*, his most complex novel,

is about a crushing prosecutor and the lawyer he comes into becoming an undercover operative in order to expose corrupt judges. The 50-year-old author, who quit as an assistant U.S. attorney in 1986, based the book partly on his own experiences during an early 1980s anti-corruption drive in Chicago, where he has always lived. At most, he says, such cases show "not only greed and ambition, but also the potent forces of loyalty, love and friendship."



Turow: Aides probably helped God

about it in practice. Turow's next recent case involved joining a condemnation to life imprisonment for a convicted murderer. "He was guilty," Turow admitted, "but he was sentenced to death because he was a poor man with lousy lawyers." Turow, a father of three, has a strong sense of civic duty, a conscience aimed and more than enough money to make sure. "At this point in my life," he judiciously offers, "yes, I would be interested in joining the bench, except for my writing. You can practice law fulltime, but you can't be a judge fulltime."

A matter of honour brings down Archer

Novelist and British Lord Jeffrey Archer was plunged into disgrace after a former friend revealed that Archer asked him to provide a false alibi in a 1987 libel trial. In swift succession, Archer withdrew as the Conservative candidate in next year's race for London mayor, the party said he could no longer sit as a Tory in the House of Lords, and *The Daily Star* demanded he pay back the libel judgment he won against it—now worth, it said, \$7.2 million. Archer had denied sleeping with a prostitute but last week admitted trying to fabricate an alibi.

Manager to the Stars

Winnipeg's Marty Weinberg not only gets athletes and actors the money, he makes it grow

By Brian Bergman in Winnipeg

A newly minted University of Manitoba business school graduate, Marty Weinberg was desperate to get a job. He intended to ask his girlfriend, Gina Freeman, to marry him, and her father, a Hungarian-born Holocaust survivor, was not the type to take kindly to an unemployed son-in-law. Weinberg's search took him to the Winnipeg-based head office of Canada's largest life insurance company, Genae-West Life Assurance Co., where he underwent three days of intensive interviewing. Confident his career was about to be launched, Weinberg proposed and Gina accepted. Then came Genae-West Life's personal assessment, which Weinberg recalls were something like this: "You are far too aggressive. You would never survive at a large corporation. And, sorry, but you are on your own."

Fast forward 17 years. Weinberg, who runs 29

this week, is now chief executive officer of *Assante Corp.*, a financial services conglomerate that employs 3,000 people, has over 500,000 clients and administrators assets totalling \$26 billion. He has recently been on an acquisition spree, culminating in the purchase in late October of one of the world's best-known sports agencies, Steinberg Moscovitz & Dunn. (Superagent Leigh Steinberg was the real-life inspiration for Jerry Maguire, portrayed by Tom Cruise in the 1996 movie of the same name.) Hooking up with Steinberg means that, on any given Sunday, half of the starting National Football League quarterbacks—including Troy Aikman of the Dallas Cowboys and the New England Patriots' Drew Bledsoe—are *Assante* clients. They join the likes of David Letterman, Michael J. Fox, Roseanne Barr and Ed Crane who arrived in the *Assante* fold after similar acquisitions over the past year of California-based business management firms that cater to the main



Marty Weinberg is on a roll. And he has done all this from Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. Does that present an obstacle? Do prospective partners sometimes balk at hiring their wages to the white-kid from Winnipeg? "Oh, yes," says Weinberg, smiling broadly during an interview in his 15th-floor office overlooking the historic intersection of Portage and Main. "Every time."

Take John Bowen, the chief executive officer of the San Jose, Calif.-based RWB Advisory Services, an investment consulting firm for the affluent, which became *Assante's* first American acquisition last year. Bowen had been in merger talks with a number of large banks and insurance companies from London, New York City and Los Angeles when Weinberg knocked on his door. "So I'm thinking," says Bowen, "here's some young guy from Winnipeg who wants to get involved in the United States, and mainly on the sports and entertainment side. You just wonder if the waters have been too tough and he wants to hang out with the stars."

At Weinberg's urging, Bowen travelled to Winnipeg to check out *Assante's* head office. "I'm from upper-state New York originally, so I knew where Winnipeg was, or so I thought," says Bowen. "But I remember my first flight up there in winter and we're preparing to land and all I can see from my window is frozen roads. You start pulling out your airline guide and wondering when the next flight back is, thinking it might be a very short business trip." But Bowen kept his appointment—and was impressed by the brain trust of accountants, tax lawyers and financial analysts that Weinberg has assembled, most of them Winnipeggers and FOMs (Friends of Marty). "I think," Bowen speculates, "yellow, cold winters, the time for introspection and rediscovery values of hard work and loyalty allow them to grow and build a team."

Weinberg is accustomed to winning over doubting Thomases. He has been doing it most of his life. "When somebody says you can't do something," he says, smiling again, "I spend all my time and energy trying to prove them wrong." Weinberg traces his tenacity to his early years, to a member of a large and dysfunctional family. The middle of three children, he was only six years old when his father, David, a highly respected actuary with Genae-West Life, died in a car crash. When he was 12, his mother remarried and his stepfather, whose first wife had died of cancer, brought



Aikman (left); Crane and wife, Roseanne Barr (center); and a diving Crane, pre-trade (right); the entrepreneur (top) about half of the starting NFL quarterbacks now are *Assante* clients

The Americans said they had never met a harder-working guy than the blunt and brash Weinberg

four more kids into the family. "So it was like *The Brady Bunch*," he says. "A crazy place to live."

Weinberg's appetite for high finance was whetted during his freshman year at university, when he carpooled with students from Winnipeg's racy Tuxedo district. Weinberg, who grew up in middle-class River Heights, noticed his prosperous friends "had all the fastest toys." When he asked how their parents afforded them, he got his first lessons on playing the money markets. Weinberg quickly co-founded a university investment club. It was not his first moment. "We lost half of everybody's money," he says.

After graduating in 1982, and after being rebuffed by Great West Life, Weinberg landed a job with Winnipeg-based Investors Group Inc., Canada's largest mutual fund company, where he had the chance to study market trends in depth. Weinberg left there in 1986 to work as controller at his father-in-law's distressed company. In the evenings, as a hobby, he started his own firm, Loring Ward Investment Counsel Ltd., which developed diversified portfolios that crossed each fiction as managing a client's risk, rationalizing taxes and providing detailed estate and trust fund planning. To do all this—and enhance customer loyalty—Weinberg decided to assemble what not most all the different financial and legal experts people normally seek out on their own.

Weinberg began by offering to act as a kind of freelance case finder for Winnipeg lawyers and accountants, recruiting new clients for whom they would draw up comprehensive financial plans. "Everyone laughed and said it wouldn't work," he recalls. "But then there was a couple of gentlemen who said, 'OK, we'll give it a try.' They both work here now because we made up to 80 per cent of their client billings."

By the early 1990s, Weinberg was ready to expand. He spent a lot of time on Bay Street looking for potential partners. Again, he got the barrel rash. "I'd knock on the door and say, 'Here's a good idea,'" he says. "They'd say, 'We've heard a lot of good ideas before: come back when you grow up, little boy.'" But he found a sympathetic ear in Michael Naime, a fellow Winnipegger and president of Toronto-based Equinox Group Ltd., a high-flying mutual fund dealer. In 1995, Equinox and Loring Ward partnered to form Assante.

As it evolved, Assante targeted so-called high net worth individuals—those with \$500,000 or more to play around with. And, increasingly, it has acted as a chief financial officer in its clients, managing every aspect of their economic lives. In both regards, the pampered movie stars and athletes Assante now represents score a perfect fit. Mickey Segal, president of Los Angeles-based NKS Management Inc.—which Assante acquired in June—described for *Maclean's* what he does for clients like Cruise and Listerman: "We pay their bills, do tax and estate planning, invest their money, build their houses, sell their houses, live the money, live the money. You name it, we do it."

Seegal, leading the agreement with Assante as a signal change in the role of the supervisor



Photo by David H. Johnson

Segal says what his clients gain from the merger is access to Assante's "intense investment expertise." Seegal, who closed his own deal with Weinberg for a reported \$120 million (U.S.), foresees a signal change in the role of the supervisor. In addition to negotiating lucrative contracts for clients like former Toronto Blue Jays right fielder Shawn Green—who is now earning \$84 million over six years to play for the Los Angeles Dodgers—Seegal says he will now be able to provide in-house the kind of financial management he traditionally turned out. Serving as chief executive of Assante Sports Management Group, Seegal also has held plans to buy at least another dozen agencies, creating the largest single grouping of sports agent offices in the world.

That kind of talk is music to Weinberg's ear. In fact, it's almost the blunt and sometimes brash Winnipegger, who often stresses the importance of pursuing a "vision," speaks the same lingo as the celebrity managers. Asked what attracted him to Weinberg, Bowen says: "I knew I had to partner with someone who had the capital, but who also had the vision." Shortly after meeting Weinberg, he adds, "we were having conversations, enjoying each other's company and the vision." (They really do talk this way in southern California.)

But the Americans noticed something else about Weinberg. "I don't think," says Bowen, "that I've ever met a harder-working guy." Segal agrees: "He's clearly driven." Weinberg prefers to describe himself as "balanced," noting he always spends weekends with Gina and their two daughters, Mia, 12, and Carly, 7. He likes to camp with the kids in the summer, go boating and scuba diving. Weinberg is also a film buff. He collects movie props and has a private screening room in his pool house in (of course) the Toronto area.

Then again, Weinberg concedes, "I'm always working." He explains: "The people I work with are also my friends and they'll come to the house on weekends. The kids run around together and we chat." While in Los Angeles closing the Seegal deal, several other investment opportunities came up—some while he was out for dinner, another when he was on a mountain bike ride. "Is that working?" he asks.

No matter. Weinberg's industriousness has earned him a place among Winnipeg's—and Canada's—business elite. And after achieving so much in life, how accurate does he consider that initial damning personal assessment? "Oh, I'm absolutely unemployable," allows Weinberg. Lucky for him, he's found the perfect boss. ■

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Business

Up, up and away

Investors, giddy with profits, have nicknamed it the Noriel Index. Last week, the Toronto Stock Exchange 300 composite index closed at 7,896, nearly 74 points above the record high it set back in April, 1998. Fueling that resurgence are dozens of high-tech companies, notably Canada's largest, Noriel Networks Corp. The share price of the Brampton, Ont.-based Internet equipment maker has soared more than 220 per cent over the past year. Along with parent BCE Inc., the two now account for an astounding 20 per cent of the total value of the blue chip TSE 300, and Noriel is expected to surge even higher. "We are no longer hewers of wood and drivers of water," says Duncan Stewart, a mutual fund manager at Tem Capital Corp. in Toronto. "We are writers of code and designers of chips."

That might be a bit of an overstatement. The Noriel moon shot, in fact, had resolved a serious problem gripping the broader Canadian market. While the indexes soared, the average TSE stock was being maulled in a bear market



and is down 5.4 per cent on the year. The last week's march and record primary gave analysts reason for optimism because it was widespread, including the energy, communications and all-important banking sectors. Now, after watching the U.S. markets post record gains over the past two years, Canadian investors finally seem set to cash in.

High-tech high performer

Rolling 12-month % change

Company	% change
2017 Technology	120%
Research in Motion	100%
QD PhotoGraphics	100%
NetScout Systems	100%
Logix Communications	100%

"We've got global economic growth," said Scott Pearson, a Winnipeg-based portfolio manager for IG Investment Management. "We had that in the early 1990s, and that was a fortunate period for Canadian companies."

With the Asian, European and Canadian economies improving, Pearson believes they will lift a broad section of

the market, including the manufacturing and resources sectors. But it is technology and communications companies, including cable TV firms, that have stepped into the limelight. Another TSE star, JDS Uniphase Canada Ltd. of Nepean, Ont., which makes fibre-optic equipment, is up more than 1,000 per cent on the year, and over just the past two weeks its shares have climbed by more than \$300.

Even mailer technology companies have caught the Shores in Waterloo, Ont.-based Research in Motion Ltd. shot to record levels last week after the company confirmed Dell Computer Corp. had agreed to use its e-mail equipped pages. While traditional resource companies will continue to rise and fill with the commodities market and growth in the overall economy, says

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Business

Ten Capital's Stewart, the technology sector, which now accounts for 23 per cent of the TSE, will remain red-hot. "The engines of growth," he adds, "are good indefinitely."

After years of stagnation, biotechnology stocks are also surging. Leading the way are firms like QLT Pharmaceuticals Inc., a Vancouver-based company that produces light-activated drugs to fight cancer. So far, it has climbed 434 per cent this year, and shows no sign of slowing down. One reason foreign investors are snapping up shares in firms like QLT is because they're a bargain compared with their U.S. counterparts. "Over the last three months," said Stewart, "we have seen U.S. stocks underperform Canadian securities and that will continue."

Foreign investors, in fact, are warning to TSE stocks even more than Canadians. Contributions to Canadian mutual funds have plummeted by 45 per cent so far this year. But foreign investors bought \$1.1 billion in Canadian equities in September alone, bringing the total for the period ending on Sept. 30 to \$10.7 billion. Foreigners expect foreign investors to continue taking advantage of Canadian high-tech stock prices. "They're cheaper than their global counterparts."

Many analysts believe that the economic forces pushing the TSE higher, including low inflation and strong earnings, will continue well into next year. "We're in a very bullish time right now," says Katherine Beattie, senior technical analyst at Standard & Poor's MMS in Toronto.

Still, there are two wild cards that could at least temporarily undermine the market. Analysts believe some nervous investors may sell securities ahead of the so-called Y2K effect at the end of the year. As well, the U.S. Federal Reserve Board has raised interest rates three times since June and could strike again in February. Interest rates will rise further, says Netherburn's chief economist Sherry Cooper, "but that in itself won't derail the stock market." And the Nasdaq index will keep surging higher.

Tom Fossell

Getting Voisey's on track

Roger Grimes, Newfoundland's minister of mines and energy, says Iron Ore Ltd. of Sudbury, Ont., now wants to build a nickel processing plant in the province in exchange for the right to mine the rich body of ore at Voisey's Bay in Labrador. Grimes, who hopes to have a deal by year-end, laid in the past said no to such a plan.

Canadian asks for time

The directors of Canadian Airlines want a circular urging shareholders not to sell their stakes until Dec. 1. That is when the board will respond to Air Canada's purchase offer. The struggling Canadian is also exploring other options, including selling its regional airlines, or getting a cash infusion from its international partners in the OneWorld airline alliance.

Of profits and job cuts

The Bank of Montreal reported a profit of \$1.6 billion for fiscal 1999, up 2.4 per cent from 1998. The bank spent \$113 million on restructuring, which covered earnings. In October, the bank announced it would cut 1,450 jobs to boost profits. The bank also closed 62 neighbourhood branches this year, while opening 33 cheaper branches in retail stores.

Renovation wars

Réno-Duplex Inc., Quebec's biggest hardware chain, says it will open 15 stores in Ontario and create more than 600 jobs under a four-year, \$590-million plan. The chain, owned by Canadian SA of France, will be called Building Box and feature fashionable home decor items designed to lure customers away from Home Depot.

Criticizing the Eatons

Justice James Fawcett of the Ontario Superior Court approved a restructuring plan for T. Eaton Co. Ltd., but took the unusual step of criticizing how much the Eaton family and other shareholders will receive, while creditors receive a fraction of the money they are owed. Family members will get about \$1.1 million and shareholders will get \$20 million, which Fawcett said appears to be "on the rich side."

Business Notes

The WTO conundrum

The World Trade Organization's talks scheduled for this week in Seattle are shaping up to be one giant headache. In advance of the negotiations, more than 150 anti-WTO protesters took to the streets last week, forcing drawing what is expected to be an onslaught by more than 30,000 demonstrators. Meantime, the talks may suffer from the lack of an agenda, which trade envoys failed to agree on because of the European Union's objections over agriculture, and grumbling by developing countries angered by a previous accord.

Canada, meanwhile, sided the trade body for a hearing on whether Brazil has complied with an August WTO ruling. It was Ottawa's first step in seeking \$10 billion in compensation in a dispute over government subsidies for jets built by Bombardier of Montreal and Brazil's Embraer. Canada's other action was to sign a deal to expand trade with China. The deal is expected to ease China's entry into the WTO.



Demonstrating in Seattle: a major headache

Groping incidents send lawyer packing

Prominent U.S. lawyer Thomas Haythe, 60, was dismissed from his post as passing partner at Toronto-based law firm Tary Haythe after several incidents of sexual harassment at a company social. Managing partner Les Viner said Haythe has been removed from "all roles and responsibilities within the firm and will not return." Viner adds Haythe attributed his erratic conduct to a possible behaviour-altering brain tumour. In October, Haythe drew praise for his role in brokering the first substantial merger between a Canadian and U.S. law firm—Tary Tary Doolan & Birnbaum with Haythe & Carley of New York City. The merger stands, says Viner, but the Tary Haythe name will be changed.

Financial Outlook

The formula to determine who qualifies for Employment Insurance benefits discriminates against women, says the Canadian Labour Congress. CLC

economist Kevin Hayes says Statistics Canada figures show 26,000 fewer women qualified for EI in 1998 than in 1997, a drop of 10.7 per cent. The number of men drawing EI during the same period also fell, by 9,000 or only 2.7 per cent. Hayes blames Ottawa's 1997 implementation of an hourly formula for determining eligibility. The rules severely affect anyone who leaves the workforce for more than a year, which women do for family reasons more often than men. Preliminary figures for 1999, Hayes adds, showed the problem is only getting worse for women.





Ross Laver

Bill Gates's *other* problem

He's the world's richest man, but Microsoft chairman Bill Gates is facing two increasingly serious challenges these days. Surprisingly, the less apparent of the two may turn out to be Judge Thomas Penfield Jackson's finding that Gates's company is a monopoly and a threat to consumers.

Make no mistake, last month's ruling dealt a huge blow to Microsoft. The judge, a Reagan appointee known for his pro-business views, sided with the U.S. justice department on every major issue before the court. Assuming the decision is upheld on appeal, the government could try to dismantle Gates's company or force it to make public the Windows operating system source code, Microsoft's crown jewels.

Time, however, isn't Microsoft's side. Unless the two sides settle out of court, it could take five years or more before a final decision is rendered. And by then, the issues in the case—in particular Microsoft's effort to hobble a competitor, Netscape, by bundling its Internet Explorer Web-browsing software into Windows—are going to look mighty stale. No wonder Microsoft's share price has held firm lately. To most investors, the day of reckoning looks a long way off.

The other problem on Gates's radar screen, however, won't wait. Thanks to the Internet, the software industry is on the brink of a revolution. If Microsoft isn't careful, the changes could threaten one of its most lucrative assets, the Microsoft Office suite, which brings in a third of the company's revenues.

What's the big deal? Within the computer industry, people now talk about software evolving into a service rather than a packaged good. Instead of buying a software product, taking it home and loading it on to your hard drive, in the future you will be able to access that same application, or something similar, over the Internet. Need a word processor? Simply surf over to the appropriate Web site, type in a password and begin to work on a document. All of the processing work, as well as the file storage, would be handled by the Web site's own servers. No longer would you purchase the software you use; instead, companies would rent their products by the month or by the hour—or perhaps give them away for free.

Actually, there's very little need to speculate about how this might work, because several firms have already announced plans for Web-based software. Early next year, Sun Microsystems of Palo Alto, Calif., a giant master of computer workstations and servers, expects to launch a complete office software package on the Web. The free service will be called

StarPortal and will be based on Sun's recently acquired StarOffice suite, which closely resembles Microsoft Office and includes a word processor, a spreadsheet, presentation software, a graphics editor and an interactive calendar. (Since September, Sun has allowed Internet users to download the StarOffice suite for free from its Web site.)

Sun isn't doing this out of the goodness of its heart. It hopes the move will accelerate demand for its servers, while making life more difficult for Microsoft, an arch-enemy. To popularize the service, it has signed up several high-powered partners, including AT&T Internet Services and BellSouth, a major U.S. phone company, both of which will offer StarPortal to their customers. Sun also intends to make the service available free to other Internet service providers and popular Web sites that agree to pay the company for technical support. America Online, the world's leading Internet provider, is reportedly keen on the idea.

Sun is one of several big-name companies pushing the concept of online software. Corel Corp. of Ottawa, whose WordPerfect suite runs a distant second in Microsoft's office software market, is also developing a Web delivery system for its products, hoping in some cases to be able to collect a rental fee. IBM says it plans to do something similar with Lotus SmartSuite.

At least initially, it's unlikely that any of this will put a dent in demand for Microsoft Office, which currently boasts an 80-per-cent market share. But the shift to Web-based software is something Gates can't ignore. That's why the company will soon begin testing a subscription service called Microsoft Office Online, aimed at small- and mid-sized companies. The real issue, though, is price. Currently, Microsoft collects \$700 for every copy of Microsoft Office it sells, meaning users pay \$300 to upgrade to the latest version. But how much will those users be willing to pay in future when real products are available online at little or no charge? Even if only a minority of users defects, the effect on Microsoft's bottom line could be considerable.

How likely is that to happen? Given his past successes and the resources at his disposal, few people are inclined to bet against Gates. The difference now, however, is that Microsoft's every move will be scrutinized closely by the mainstream—which means it can't afford to employ the kinds of aggressive tactics it used to rout Netscape. This time out, Gates might have to settle for a smaller piece of the pie.



Gates under the microscope

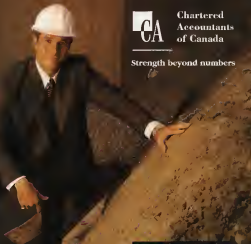
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MAKING BABIES

In the age of
in vitro fertilization
does the state
have a place
in the test tubes
of the nation?

*Cherry (right) sits
next Sean (left)
and knee the two
will always leg
behind the science*



By John Geddes

For infertile couples desperate to have children, it was the sort of breakthrough that can make scientists seem like angels of mercy. McGill University researchers working at Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital announced on Nov. 17 that they had succeeded with what promises to be a revolutionary innovation in test-tube baby-making. Their new method could eliminate the need to subject would-be mothers preparing for in vitro fertilization to nearly two weeks of daily injections of powerful fertility drugs—hormones that are expensive, unpleasant and cause painful side effects in a small minority of women. On hand for the McGill research world triumphant news conference were an ecstatic Saudi Arabian couple and their healthy daughter, born on Sept. 23 thanks to the new technique. "My wish came true," said the new mom, Jihan Al Khatouli, 35, an obstetrician educated at McGill. "I had been trying for five years."

The McGill researchers' big day had all the elements that make the exploding field of reproductive technology so exhilarating—but also so troubling. What could be wrong

with helping a childless couple get the baby they so badly want in the least risky way possible? When it comes to high-tech measures of fertility, though, the debate can never be so neatly framed. The research that led to the McGill breakthrough was conducted on embryos created for that purpose—a practice the federal government sought to ban as unethical just two years ago. Other profound issues swirl around the long-term implications of the McGill research, consequences that could go far beyond merely simplifying in vitro fertilization and avoiding nasty side-effects. One possibility: young women in the future might have the option of getting their eggs removed and frozen, ready to thaw out and fertilize in a laboratory when they are much older.

No wonder Health Minister Allan Rock wants to get control of both research into human reproduction and the ways private fertility clinics and public hospitals make use of the results. Rock plans to introduce a sweeping new law early in 2000. Shirley Pearson of Nanaimo, B.C., a grassroots activist on fertility issues whose own teenage daughter was conceived

So far, researchers are outpacing the politicians, but scientists still fear a 'research chill' on their efforts to explore the frontiers of fertility

thanks to donated sperm, it among those who believe legislation is long overdue. She sums up the challenge facing Rock in a question: "How do we balance the need to help people with infertility against not violating our social and ethical values?" Whatever the answer, Pratten contends, it will not be found by "just looking down a medical and scientific microscope."

But doctors and scientists worry that they are being perceived as villains in this debate—and not for the first time. When the Liberal government introduced a similar bill in 1996, its aim was to ban 14 practices—from the creation of embryos for research to the sale of human sperm and eggs. The medical community angrily opposed the law and it was allowed to die before the following year's election. Fertility doctors are deeply skeptical that Ottawa will get it right this time. "The problem we have in this case," complains Dr. Seang Lin Tan, director of the McGill University Reproductive Centre, "is that some people have the concern that we do all sorts of Frankenstein experiments."

Apprehension about the pending legislation is not limited to men in white lab coats. Sherry Levine, a Toronto lawyer who works with paid surrogate mothers and women who sell their eggs for use in *in vitro* fertilization, predicts that if Rock goes ahead with his plan to ban such commercial arrangements, Canadians will be forced to travel to the United States—or driven to create a dangerous new domestic black market. "People who can afford it will just go to the U.S.," Levine warns. "People who can't will be driven underground, where they won't have proper counselling or proper legal representation."

Few commentators have as much credibility on issues of technology and fertility as the first generation of test-tube mothers. Nona Cherry, a surrogate born from Newmarket, Ont., who gave birth to the first test-tube twin conceived in Canada, Ian and Sean, back on May 17, 1984, is worried the politicians are about to "put doctors in a box." Cherry, an optometrist with an easy laugh who has followed new developments with interest, follows broad federal guidelines—but predicts that whatever course Ottawa takes, the law will always be 10 steps behind the science. "Her son Sean, displaying a 15-year-old's knack for cool and understatement, puts it this way: 'You've got to think about people who can't have children. But it can't go too far. It's kind of a difficult issue really.'"

Kind of. Yet these ethical management issues remain from the Cherry family's happy experience. Nona got pregnant on her first try at *in vitro*. When the doctors first saw the two black dots that would grow into Ian and Sean on the ultrasound, they dubbed them the "Cherry pus." Although she tried twice, unsuccessfully, to have more children through IVF, Nona Cherry's gratitude for new technology dated for her to



Marioré is wary about the commodification of human life.

undidled. Similarly, there was no hint of misgivings in the tablets of ending parents, troubled babies and confident scientists at the recent McGill news conference. Still, the twist on IVF announced that day illustrates many of the issues that underlie the looming battle over Rock's legislation.

Ever since the first test-tube baby was born in Britain in 1978, doctors have relied on hormone injections to stimulate the production of mature eggs in women getting ready for IVF. Several mature eggs produced as a result of the drugs are then removed and fertilized by sperm in a lab. The embryos are put back into the uterus after a few days. The McGill scientists took a different tack. Instead of relying on drugs to stimulate the production of eggs ready to be fertilized, the researchers removed immature ones, then matured them in a laboratory for one or two days—a technique they call *in vitro* maturation. After that, the course of regular IVF is followed.

For women prone to side-effects, which can include painful abdominal swelling, from hormone shots, the McGill method holds obvious appeal. But Tan says the process has much broader implications. One possible outcome: if the McGill technique eliminates the need for an unpleasant fertility drug injection, it could make it much easier to find women willing to donate eggs—potentially a major accomplishment. While there is plenty of donated sperm, a chronic shortage of egg donors in Canada has led to long waiting lists

for donor eggs at many fertility clinics. Some women who are unable to produce healthy eggs resort to advertising in anatomy newspapers for cash-strapped students willing to sell their. Mating egg donation law banning could mean that IVF, which is offered at 23 clinics from Halifax to Vancouver and is already responsible for thousands of pregnancies a year, could become much more commonplace.

The long-term consequences of *in vitro* maturation on fertility planning could be even bigger. Unlike sperm, mature human eggs cannot be successfully frozen, stored and thawed when needed. But Tan says deep-freeze storage of immature eggs is more technically feasible. So in the future, a 20-year-old woman might have the option of freezing many immature eggs, which could then be matured and fertilized in a laboratory much later—say, at age 40 or older, when she is likely to be producing lower-quality eggs that can make it harder to get pregnant and increase the likelihood of birth defects.

The prospect of extending a woman's child-bearing years was already the subject of worldwide debate in September, when research by a British biologist, Roger Gosden, led to a startling new development: fertility can be restored in at least some women undergoing premature menopause. The breakthrough involves freezing some ovarian tissue from women suffering illnesses that threaten fertility, to be reimplanted later. The technique has worked once, for a 29-year-old belly dancer, Margaret Lloyd-Hart from Tucson, Ariz., who had lost both ovaries. (Soon after that surgical first was announced, Gosden moved to Canada to join Tan's group at McGill.)

Should science be allowed to radically change the way babies are made without government oversight? Ottawa has been struggling to catch up with the rising technology of fertility for a decade. So far, the researchers and physicians are far outpacing the bureaucrats and politicians. A royal commission exhaustively studied the subject from 1989 to 1995. As a result, Ottawa tried to impose a "voluntary moratorium" in 1995 on controversial practices, such as buying and selling human sperm and eggs for IVF, and paying women to act as surrogate mothers.

The plea for voluntary restraint was widely ignored. Then in 1996, a law aimed at making the prohibitions mandatory was introduced by then-Health Minister David Duggan. Bill C-47, as it was labelled, would also have lengthened the list to ban additional practices—such as creating human embryos for research purposes, as is done at the McGill course and elsewhere. Government officials concede scattered support from the medical lobby was the main reason the bill was never passed.

Now, Rock is getting ready to try again. He declined to be interviewed for this story. But sources in and out of government say his legislation will set up a new agency, largely independent from his department, to regulate and monitor Canadian infertility clinics and research into human reproduction. His official say a law could be tabled before Christmas, but a more likely to be unveiled early in February. Tension is building. "There is nobody in Health Canada who has any experience with these technologies," argues Dr. Arthur Leader, an Ottawa fertility specialist and past president of the Canadian Fertility and Andrology Society. "And they are not asking for advice."

Scientists fear a "research chill" on their efforts to explore the frontiers of fertility. Physicians in Canada's 23 fertility clinics worry that their profitable, privately run operations (only Ontario's health-insurance plan covers IVF, and only then in limited circumstances) will be subject to draconian restrictions. But Dr. Patricia Bond, the University of

Setting limits on the new technology

Health Minister Allan Rock's law on reproductive technology is still being drafted, but Montreal has learned key details from government officials and informed outside sources.

The new agency to regulate research into human reproduction and fertility clinics will operate at arm's length from the government, modelled after the independent British authority, instead of being set up as part of Health Canada—a proposal that had been considered.

The new law will forbid buying and selling human sperm and eggs and hiring surrogate mothers, prohibitions that were part of a law proposed in 1996.



Rock: the legislation will forbid the buying and selling of human sperm and eggs.

But while that earlier bill would have outlawed creating embryos in laboratories for research, Rock's law will give the new agency power to regulate what embryo research would be permitted.

A registry of sperm and egg donors will be set up to keep track of medical histories and genetic information. That the question of whether to require donors to let their identities be revealed, when children produced by donor sperm or eggs reach adulthood, will not be answered by the law. Instead, the decision will be left up to the new agency.

John Gosselin

The question is, can a government draft any legislation that takes into account the subtleties of human relationships?

British Columbia professor who chaired the 1989-1993 royal commission into reproductive technology, says her fellow physicians are naturally attracted to their power. "When you're used to calling all the shots and being unanswerable to nobody," Baird says, "of course you're not going to like change." Miriam McTeer, lawyer and wife of Conservative Leader Joe Clark, and author of *Tough Choices: Living and Dying in the 21st Century*, a new book on reproductive technology, says she encountered many scientists who feared that the more people knew about what they are doing, "the less they will be able to pin me." But she argues regulation is unavoidable. "The impact of this science and technology," McTeer says, "affects our most personal decisions."

Activists in the burgeoning infertility lobby—a tightly woven community, mainly of women, who meet in support groups, frequent Internet chat sites and diligently work the phones—strongly support much of what is expected to be in the law. They are particularly enthusiastic about Rod's intention to set up a system for publishing the success rates of clinics offering IVF and other fertility treatments. There is also fervent support for the plan to set up a mandatory registry of anonymous sperm and egg donors. That registry will allow individuals concerned with donor sperm or eggs to find out about the medical histories of their biological parents.

Whether they will also gain the right to learn the identity of the donor is another matter. That decision will be left up to the new agency, said a senior Health Canada official. But even if the agency does require such disclosure, doubts remain about how many of the children conceived through donor IVF would ever know to check the agency. Doctors say many parents do not plan to tell their children an anonymous donor supplied half their genetic heritage. "You can't legislate for people to tell their kids," allows Toronto social worker Sherry Pratt, who counsels infertile couples.

Rock's law is expected to echo more of the prohibitions that were in the earlier, failed legislation. That means forbidding practices such as cloning humans and selecting children according to sex or appearance. But the law's more immediate impact will be in the often shadowy world of cheque-book reproductive arrangements. Senior Health Canada officials say it will outline payments beyond modest compensation for expenses, to donors of human sperm or eggs. And the law will make it illegal to pay a woman to carry a baby for another woman. "There's a worry about the commodification of human life," says University of Calgary geneticist René Martin. "You could end up with a situation like in the U.S., where there's bidding for the eggs of college students."

Still, a government ban on the fertility trade ignores the reality faced by anguished, infertile Canadian couples. "The



McTeer signing books in Toronto. "The impact of this science and technology affects our most personal decisions."

voluntary moratorium didn't make a dent," Levine, the Toronto lawyer, contends. "People said, 'It's really hard, I can't wait.'" She says she herself has worked with her on average \$20,000 to be impregnated through IVF and carry another woman's baby. Other sources report that Canadian women routinely get \$2,000 to \$4,000 for donating eggs.

Some infertility clinics now offer a woman with healthy eggs a month of free IVF service, worth about \$4,000, in return for sharing her eggs with another patient. Physicians say it is a convenient way to get donors without compelling patients to find purely altruistic donors among friends or family—a difficult quest that may force infertile couples to sacrifice the privacy of their attempts to have a family. Still, Ottawa is likely to rule that offering free IVF service in return for eggs is out-of-bounds. Pratt says that's a good idea. "I have spoken to women," she reports, "who said, 'Yes, I gave up half my eggs, and I didn't get pregnant that cycle, and now I don't know if my egg got somebody else pregnant, and that really bothers me—not knowing if I have a genetic child out there.'"

Consider the layers in the scenario Pratt describes. Two women, unknown to one another, but bound somehow by the way they have turned to science in their quest to be mothers. Can any legislation be drafted to take into account relationships so subtle? What law can balance, say, the desire of a mother to keep secret the fact that her daughter was conceived with donated sperm, against the possible preference of that child, as an adult, to know her genetic heritage—perhaps including the donor's name? On one side are those who say these questions are so troubling they cry out for regulation. On the other are those who see clashing emotions and competing values so unmanageable that government must stand clear—as out of place in the nation's fertility clinics as Pierre Trudeau once said it was in the nation's bedrooms. When Alan Rock finally takes action, he can expect an outpouring of reason more deeply felt than anything he has faced before. What is at stake, after all, is who gets to have babies, and how.

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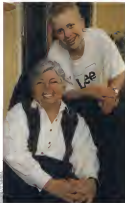
Despite the discomforts and the long odds, would-be parents turn to doctors and donors to deliver what nature could not

By Patricia Chisholm

They are so young and pretty, these infertile women gathered in a Toronto office, describing the grief and anger and desperation that blights their lives. All five have careers—they work in health care, finance, human resources. But none fits the cliché of the mid-40s executive who has postponed childbearing until it is too late, and who then goes shopping for an egg from a blond-haired, blue-eyed college student. The oldest is 38 and has been attempting to start a family since she married at 34. Another is 32 and has been trying since her mid-20s. "People think I'm just a happy-career woman," she says, smiling grimly. Most of her friends and colleagues know nothing about her in-joke efforts to produce a child using the new technology. "I couldn't give a shit about my career," she says, her emotions spilling out. "I just want a family."

The others nod, knowing the feeling. Most stopped attending friends' baby showers and kids' birthday parties years ago because it was just too painful. Instead, they have immersed themselves in the daunting pursuit of a medical solution to fertility problems caused by everything from malfunctioning fallopian tubes to premature menopause. "It's very hard," says a 34-year-old woman in the Toronto group who has made several attempts at in vitro fertilization. "You start to feel that everyone else is going to have a good life except you. For some reason, the world has passed you by, and it's very depressing."

For infertile men and women, baby-making can be a miserable business. The problem is as old as life itself, but nowadays those afflicted are given hope—sometimes false hope—that science can deliver what nature cannot. As a result, many spend years consulting doctors, trying to pinpoint their problems and pursuing remedies by modifying their diet or taking fertility drugs. At the end of that road are high-tech, low-percentage options that involve repeated,



Wastak in London, B.C.: Allen with son Chris (left). "We have to put the interests of children concerned this way first."

hours-long visits to fertility clinics for endless tests, and two-week series of hormone injections. Many people exhaust their savings and rearrange their homes to pay for treatments that, for the most part, are not covered by medicine.

It is tough on marriages, too. Normal human relations are taken out of the home and placed in the aseptic confines of the laboratory. Worst of all, the invasive, wildly expensive procedures usually don't work. Pediatrician Patricia Bard, the University of British Columbia professor who headed the 1989-1995 royal commission into reproductive technology, estimates that over a single cycle, only about 14 per cent of couples succeed in having a child using the new technology. That compares with about 20 per cent for fertile couples having sex without birth control for one cycle.

The good news is that science is gradually improving these odds, and specialists say they hope Health Canada's imminent legislation to regulate reproductive technologies does not restrict their ability to help couples make babies. "For many people, having a child is the defining event of their life," says Roger Gosselin, the renowned British fertility researcher and author of *Desiring Babies*. "The fertility population must be careful not to set up unfair barriers, if all that is needed is a little bit of technical help. That could cause major injustice." Gosselin recently joined McGill University to escape the negative image of his field held by the British public. "There are few moral absolutes in this area," he notes, pointing to the evolution in social attitudes

on issues like gay parenthood and genetic testing. "We should set limits for things we really don't want, like cloning, not for setting limits on IVF services."

That said, the issues are complex. And Chase Allen, who used high-tech help to conceive his 14-year-old son, Chris, although no donors were involved, has found that many couples' feelings about donor issues change once they succeed in having children. "Having my son helped me realize that we have to put the interests of children concerned this way first," says the Toronto woman, who founded a national support group called The Infertility Network. "They are individuals in their own right. But I think it can be very hard for people who don't yet have children to see that."

Such insights inevitably spark debate over whether children should have a legal right to information about their genetic background, the dominant trend in modern adoption practices. But most parents have little to say because there has not been a formal, nationwide registry of donors. A 17-year-old B.C. girl whose parents used a sperm donor told *Maclean's* that she "absolutely without a doubt," has the right to know about her genetic father. She requested anonymity because, even though she has always known about her origins, she still fears the attitudes of others. "Parents who hide this think it will be OK, the child has two parents," she says. "But they don't realize that the child will become an adult. They don't have the right to make that decision for them." She says she is grateful that her own parents have been open with her. But as far as she knows, there are no records that could shed light on her medical history, much less provide a name. "It's not working the way it is

Tighter restrictions on compensating donors for eggs could drive some couples to the United States

now," she says. "Something has to change."

Some donors echo that view. Scott Braunstein, a Wyoming politician, 50, estimates that he donated about 120 times during the mid-1980s when friends who worked in a Vancouver hospital told him about the program. He has no regrets about making the donations—"I'm sure there are a lot of people out there who are happy I was there for them"—but in hindsight, he now believes strongly that recipients should receive more intensive counselling so that they have carefully considered what it means to raise a child that is genetically linked to someone else.

Velandis, who has a teenage son of his own, argues that children conceived through donor eggs or sperm should be entitled to contact their genetic parents when they reach adulthood. Prior to that, their families should have much fuller information about the donor's cultural background and medical history, he says. Among other things, this could prevent health risks from inadvertently being one another. "I don't think the number of donors would necessarily drop," he says. "There are people out there who believe they can help, especially married couples. What we might end up with is a different kind of donor."

Money is a big part of the donor debate, at least for egg clinics. They say it's appropriate to pay a woman \$2,000 to \$4,000 for her eggs—a typical rate in both Canada and the United States. Ten sperm donors have been routinely paid for at least three decades, with virtually no adverse public consequence. And while they are paid far less—usually about \$50—some men donate dozens of times. Those who advocate compensating donors point out that harvesting eggs is far more onerous, involving daily hormone injections and multiple visits to clinics, and there is also a small risk that the procedure will compromise a donor's own fertility.

Jan Silverman, an infertility counsellor at St. Mary's Hospital and Women's College Health Sciences Centre in Toronto—one of the few hospitals in the country with an anonymous egg donor program—says tighter restrictions on compensating donors for eggs could drive couples to the United States. There, fees for *in vitro* fertilization are in the \$25,000 range, compared with about \$7,000 in Canada. Silverman, among others, suggests such restrictions could also create a black market where financially needy donors are recruited through

suspect methods, such as ads in university papers. "I have such concerns about that," she says. "Instead of protecting all the parties, by setting up a system where we set the fee and put in good guidelines to screen people, we could create a situation where no one will be well served." Even more disturbing is a recent "egg auction" on the Internet. Launched by 66-year-old anti-porn photographer Ron Harris of Los Angeles, the Web site offers eggs from a selection of beautiful young "models" for prices ranging from \$22,000 to \$230,000.

In Great Britain, where the first test-tube baby was born in 1978, such cash-for-trade-in reproductive material is forbidden by law. And the debate over the use of reproductive material is far more open. David Goltsch, a 47-year-old London lawyer, was concerned using donor insemination, a far older technology that raises similar issues about the rights of children. Goltsch, who is the father of two teenagers, says he decided to speak publicly about his origins because he believed that it would help him overcome his own personal shame. But he would not have minded having those close to him, he adds, unless he believed that others would benefit from his openness. "If this is kept secret, it can be very damaging for families."

While many people want to help friends with fertility problems, so sometimes the best intentions can go awry. Maggie Solodukiewicz, a 36-year-old mother of two teenagers and a 15-month-old baby, recently offered to provide eggs for an infertile friend. In Canada, a shortage of donors has created long waiting lists for fertile eggs. But it turns out Solodukiewicz, a Mississauga, Ont., lab technician, could not undergo the procedure while she was still raising her own baby, so her friend had to look elsewhere. "We talked about her problem and my heart went out to her," Solodukiewicz says, adding, "I offered because I have kids and I can't imagine not having them." Thousands of infertile men and women can't imagine that, either. ■



'Models' on egg-auction Web site: asking prices range up to \$230,000

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Under the Microscope

Canadian legislators are examining the British agency that regulates the world's first reproductive technology industry

By Barry Carrin in London

Unlike most miracles, the one wrought by Patrick Steptoe and Robert Edwards is no longer veiled in mystery. It has been 21 years since the two Cambridge University professors worked their magic, birthing an elixir of sperm and eggs in a petri dish to create a human life. But Louise Brown, the world's first in-vitro baby, is now a young woman and the then-revolutionary procedure that enabled her birth has become almost routine.

Some 30,000 babies later, the British remain in the forefront of that revolution. They were the first to grapple with the complex web of legal, social and ethical issues involved in the explosive growth of a vast baby-making industry. And they were the first to fashion a regulatory regime to police it. "We really had no choice," says Suzanne McCarthy, "Louise Brown's cousin. And we had to deal with that."

McCarthy is chief executive of the Human Fertilisation and Embryology Authority, the agency British authorities created to license and monitor the activities of the country's 117 clinics engaged in donor insemination, in vitro fertilisation and human embryo research. The institution remains one of the few national statutory bodies of its kind in the world, and it is the model that Health Minister Allan Rock is using to create an equivalent in Canada.

If the British experience is any guide, Rock's task will not be simple. "It is an incredibly contentious, highly sensitive field," notes McCarthy. The HFEA opened for business in August, 1991, one year after the British House of Commons passed the Human Fertilisation and Embryology Act, and seven years after a royal commission first recommended most of the proposals contained in the legislation.

From the outset, HFEA was designed to strike a balance between the interests of the medical community, the government and the public. None of the authority's 21-member governing board are government employees. By law, the

chairman, deputy chairman and at least half the board membership can be neither doctors engaged in infertility treatment nor scientists involved in embryo research. The preponderance of lay opinion on the board is by design, McCarthy notes, because "there is widespread public unease about scientists crossing boundaries that perhaps should not be crossed." In specific terms, cloning Dolly, a sheep, is acceptable research, human cloning is not.

But there is a limit to HFEA's policing powers. The agency faced a storm of criticism over the case of Diane Blood, who fought a court battle in the mid-1990s over HFEA's refusal to allow her to be inseminated with the sperm of her dead husband. Stephen Blood died of bacterial meningitis without giving the women consent to the procedure required by the agency's governing statutes. The British court of appeal upheld HFEA's legal position but, at the same time, it allowed the widow to transport her husband's sperm, frozen in storage, to Belgium, where the laws are more lax. In December 1998, Louise Blood was born after having been conceived by her dead father's sperm.

At the moment, HFEA is seeking the public's views on the screening of embryos for genetic defects. People are being asked, in effect, which diseases are serious enough to permit the destruction of human embryos. Pre-conception genetic diagnosis, or PGD, has already been used on about 200 British women undergoing infertility treatment, all of whom suffered from serious genetic disorders in their families, including cystic fibrosis, Huntington's chorea and Tay-Sachs disease. But PGD can be used, for example, to determine sex—something HFEA has banned for purely social motives. "This isn't about the creation of designer babies," argues HFEA chairman Ruth Dorn. "It's about not so sure, fearing reproductive technology is meddling dangerously in human evolution. But the industry is not likely to soon disappear. In 1996-1997, the last year for which figures are available, British infertility clinics treated 25,565 women. In only 17 per cent of the cases did the treatment successfully result in the conception of a child. That is below the 25 per cent success rate for normal sexual intercourse, but it still amounts to a lot of babies who might not otherwise be here. And success, as they say, breeds success."



Louise Brown (center) and family, no longer a mystery

"LIFE INSURANCE SAVED MY LIFE."



My father
insured my life,
saving insurance

People think that when you're older you don't need life insurance. But I don't know what I would have done without it," said Nancy Mobley.

After a successful career as a hospital administrator, Nancy's husband, Max,

was ready to retire. "We had sold our home and were getting ready to move to Vancouver Island," Nancy said. "We were so excited."

Sadly, Max Mobley died of a heart attack just three days before they were going to move.

"I was so scared. I didn't know where to go or what my income would be," Nancy explained.

Fortunately for Nancy, Max left little to chance when it came to ensuring his family's financial security. Working with his insurance agent, Harold Webber, Max had increased his life insurance on several occasions with policies from Transamerica Life.

Nancy used the proceeds from Max's life insurance to make repairs on their retirement home. She also fulfilled her lifelong dream of opening an antique store in CHATHAM, B.C.

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Nancy Mobley

Eye of the Hurricane

Norman Jewison tells the epic story of the Canadian miracle that saved Rubin Carter

By Brian D. Johnson

*Now all the criminals in their coats and their ties
Are free to drink martinis and watch the sun rise
While Rubin sits like Buddha in his 10-foot cell
An innocent man in a living hell*

—Bob Dylan, *Hurricane*

He was down for the count. Rubin ("Hurricane") Carter had been in prison for 13 years, serving a life sentence for a triple murder he did not commit—a brutal slaying at a bar in Paterson, N.J., in 1966. His career as professional, a top middleweight contender, was over. He was blind in one eye, the result of a botched operation by a prison doctor. In the 1970s, immortalized in a Bob Dylan song, Carter had watched the celebrities come and go. From Muhammad Ali to Burt Reynolds, they had rallied to free the Hurricane. But in 1976, after seeing his conviction overturned, he had been re-convicted on a second trial on the same fraudulent evidence. By 1980, at the age of 43, Carter was resigned to his fate. He had stopped seeing visitors. He had cut himself off from the world.

Then he got a letter from Canada.

It came from Laura Martin, a 17-year-old black kid from the Brooklyn ghetto who had been adopted and educated by a couple of Canadians living in a luxurious Toronto home. Martin had picked up Carter's 1974 autobiography, *The Shameful Blood*, at a Toronto Public Library warehouse sale. It moved him to write the letter, then visit Carter at New Jersey's Trenton State Prison. Martin's Canadian housemates would follow. And for the next five years they devoted themselves to Carter's cause. They moved to New Jersey, uncovered fresh



evidence that he had been framed by corrupt officials, and finally helped to win his 1985 exoneration in a U.S. federal court—a verdict that freed him and his co-defendants, John Artis, who had been convicted of the same crime.

But once Carter was out of prison, his story took a bizarre twist. Escaping another kind of confinement, he spent the better part of six years living in the isolation of the Canadian wilderness—and entered a volatile marriage with the gospel queen bee—before finally sorting out on his own. He now lives in Toronto, working to free other wrongly convicted prisoners. Meanwhile, Laura Martin, the kid plucked from the streets of Brooklyn, grew up to be a lawyer and landed in Kamloops, B.C.—where, ironically, he works as a Crown prosecutor.

Carter's remarkable odyssey is now the subject of an inspirational movie by Canadian director Norman Jewison. For the 73-year-old veteran, who has not had a hit since *Mostrous* (1987), *The Hurricane* marks a triumph.



Jewison (left), Martin (right) opposite the lead actor's soaring performance is truly generating their fate

convoluted. Independently produced under considerable duress, it's his first non-studio picture. It is also his first proudly Canadian story. And this, his 26th movie, may well be the first of his career. Although *Hername* will not be released until the end of the year, Daniel Washington's stirring performance in the role is already generating Oscar buzz. And this week, Carter and Washington are expected to attend a screening at the White House. After *In the Heat of the Night* (1967) and *A Soldier's Story* (1984), Jewison's landmark civil-rights dramas, *The Hurricane* completes a de facto trilogy about racial injustice. "It's a subject," he says, "that has haunted me all my life."

Jewison's uplifting epic accords Carter a poetic justice long overdue, portraying him with a mythic resonance that calls to mind the sagas of Muhammad Ali, Malcolm X and Martin Luther King Jr. Meanwhile, the Canadians who rode to his rescue are portrayed as a mysterious mix of chivalry, self-effacing heroism. In fact, Luis Pertierra, Sam Chisum and Terry Swinton belonged to a commune of a dozen members. It was not a ideological commune—it had no religion or ideology (aside from anti-drugs, and drugs, alcohol and promiscuity were strictly forbidden). Born out of the needs of the '60s, it was an amoral household of entrepreneurial activists who lived together, sharing a single bank account. "When you live in that house," Carter explains, "you do not talk to anybody outside."

The Hurricane accords Carter a poetic justice long overdue, portraying his struggle with mythic resonance

side that house, and once you're left that house you no longer talk to anybody in that house."

Carter still tends to speak of the group in glowing terms. But a new authenticity bequeathed due to its January, 1995 release, in *Hername: The Miraculous Journey of Rubin Carter*, by former *Roll*

Stone journalist reporter James S. Hinch, Carter complains that, after his release, the Toronto commune became "another prison" and that he became "a supply house to fill the coffin." Like it depicted as a party zone. And Carter, who was now separated from her, maintained their marriage was never consummated, and that he was horrified when she suggested he get a vasectomy. "Hell no," he told her. "You can ask a black man to do that?"

Former members of the commune also allege that it was homophobic, anti-Semitic and indulgent of suicides, charges that make Chisum and Swinton shake their heads in disbelief. "It's so absurd, it's shocking," says Chisum, 49, pointing

Carter (left), Brookhaven Washington (below): after just, did Carter escape another brief of prison?

out that his parents were Jewish survivors of the Bergen-Belsen death camp while Swinton, 53, is the nephew of an Austrian SS officer. "What made our group so powerful is that we were able to come together from different backgrounds."

But the commune's inner history was founded on a distrust of the outside world, according to former members. "They had a very us-against-them mentality," Hinch told *Modest!* "They were paranoid. Those attributes were perfect in helping Rubin—they had a clear enemy, the state of New Jersey." But their insularity became oppressive once Carter was free, he adds. "Rubin has conflicting feelings about the group. He will always be grateful and will never speak ill of them. But they also humiliated Rubin and became his jailers."

Hinch's portrayal of the Canadians made for one side of a divorce case. The commune leaders refused to speak to him, they explain, because his book would be competing with other books, *Lawrence* and *Hername*, which Chisum and Swinton published in 1991 and are now rising to popularity on the film. Agreeing to interviews, Carter and his Canadian assistant will go head-to-head with competing books in January—the Hurricane is going on the road with Hinch.

Despite the rift, all parties are supporting the movie. Everyone involved recognizes the power and authenticity that Daniel Washington brings to the role of the Hurricane. The actor, who shed 44 lb. to play the boxer in fighting trim, delivers a



Carter (right) in 1962: he says he gambled a threat

has just one good eye—the other is glass—his gaze seems stronger for it. His rich baritone has gospel cadence, a Southern warmth, and the wisdom of a man who has had more time than most to reflect on his fate. Although he suffered from a privacy speech impediment until the age of 18, he seems to have inherited the silver tongue of his Georgetown father, who was a preacher. As Rubin talks, his mouth as if pulled toward the center, as well as in a jail-house floor. When he gets emotional, his hands shift into a fighter's rhythm, flexing, contracting.

He talks about the night of the murder. During the early hours of June 17, 1966, a homicide and two parricides, all of them white, were shot dead by two men at the Lafayette Inn, a Queens-year-old

George, B.C., where, as a boy he would trade over the fence into the drive-in across from his house and watch movies while wrapped in a sleeping bag. At 29, Ketchum borrowed money from his family to be the rights to Carter's story, and then spent almost a decade trying to make *The Hurricane*. It is his first feature.

For Carter, meanwhile, the movie serves as a final vindication. When it premiered at the Toronto International Film Festival in September, he electrified the audience with a soaring 20-minute speech before the movie, which runs almost 2½ hours. Then, after the closing credits, he basked in a 10-minute standing ovation.

Rubin Carter lives in a three-story house in midtown Toronto. He also works there, as executive director of the Association in Defense of the Wrongly Convicted (ADWC), which was originally formed for Gay Paul Morris. Dressed in a purple sweater, blue jeans and black boots, Carter still looks like a trim middleweight, and younger than his 62 years. His hair, which he shaved in macho defiance for the first half of his life, is jet black. Rap music blares from a kitchen radio. On the wall is his one boxing memento, a gold and green championship belt that he received in 1993—the only honor he ever awarded by the World Boxing Council.

Carter leads his visitor to a basement den. "We'll be quiet here," he says, as a statuesque young woman with a heavy smile delivers coffee. She is Teresa Brubaker, 27. They met last summer at a convention of Subway sandwich managers in Reno, Nev., where he was delivering a motivational speech and she was representing a Subway franchise in South Carolina. Though still legally married to Lisa, Rubin, now considers Teresa his wife.

Face to face, Carter has a penetrating intensity. Although he

John Arta, a young football star with college athletic scholarship, was driving Carter home from a different nightclub when the police pulled them over. "Hell never been in trouble with the police before," says Carter. "He was just asking me for a ride home, would be driving the Hurricane's car. And from that moment, John Arta had my life in his hands. If he had given any kind of statement to me in the crime, they would have burnt my ass to know me."

Carter and Arta were cleared of suspicion after paying the detective unit and voluntarily testifying before a grand jury. But four months later, they were charged after a criminal named Alfred Bello—who had sniped over the bodies to rob the cash register at the crime scene—claimed he had seen them fleeing the bus. An all-white jury convicted them. Bello and Arthur Bradley, the only witnesses, later recanted, saying the police extracted false testimony from them with inducements of \$10,000 and promises of lenient treatment. But they again changed their story at the trial, which reinstated Carter and Arta. This time is often misread by race-segregation as evidence for another murder—even though they didn't know the victims and there was no evidence they had ever entered the bar. Arta, now 40, now considers young cinema as Virginia, never did turn against Carter for his freedom. During his 19 years in jail, he contracted an incurable blood disease that led to the amputation of fingers and toes. "John Arta," says Carter, "is my hero."

Why did the New Jersey authorities pursue Carter with such a vengeance? He was a well-known, arrogant black man in a racist community. It was 1966, the year Stokely Carmichael launched the Black Power movement, the year after the assassination of Malcolm X, the year before Louis Muhammad Ali was stripped of his title for refusing to fight in Vietnam. Race was not ripping through American cities,

and Carter symbolized a threat. He says the authorities viewed him as "a highly trained assassin. That was why I went to prison." He made his living with his fists. He had been convicted of assault and robbery as a teenager. He would gain. In fact, as the book reveals for the first time, he strangled four duflin bags of arms to freedom fighter Stephen Biko on his way to a 1966 fight in South Africa.

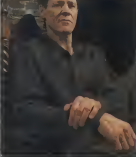
Carter also had an indomitable pride. To prison his annoyance, he refused to wear a prison uniform, eat prison food or do prison work—an attitude that resulted here in a murder on order in "the hole" as soon as he arrived. But he eventually got his way. He cooked his own food on a tiny burner in his cell. He buried himself in law books. And he wrote his autobiography. After his re-conviction, however, his morale collapsed.

Carter remembers stepping out to the prison yard for the first time in years in the late '70s. Once a prisoner's territory, the yard was a mosaic of dirt, cold to keep down the dust and flanked by walls with four guard towers. It was a sweltering summer day. "You got the sun beating down," says Carter, "and you could see the heat waves coming off the soil. I sat down and looked at the wall. Suddenly I saw a pinprick of light. It was morning and getting bigger. Bigger, brighter, bigger, brighter." Carter is jibbing at the words. "After a while I could see through the wall. I could see children passing by. I could see cars...freedom. As I reached out for it, it disappeared. But it left such a strong impression. I was going to find that hole in the wall again and walk right through. I went back to my cell and got every last my law books. I then turned the prison into an unusual laboratory for the human spirit. If there is such a thing as spirit, I was going to find it and develop it." Carter breaks into a wild laugh. "Let's talk again!"

By the time Lesa Martin and the Canadians came to visit, Carter had been immersed in books on metaphysics and philosophy. "I was eating only one eight-ounce can of soup every three days," he says. "I refused everything, because if I didn't have anything, the prison couldn't take anything away. Then these guys came in and said, 'Hey, Rob, was a minute.'"

The Canadian first provided support and friendship. Then, in 1983, several of them moved to New Jersey to work full time with Carter's lawyers. To finance their campaign, they embarked their cherished movie mansion in Toronto. With profits from importing Malaysian burlis, they had bought the house seven years earlier for \$150,000. Peter Herndorf, then publisher of *Toronto Star* and now head of Ontario National Arts Centre, bought it for \$540,000. At the height of the real estate boom, one of the country's media elite suddenly ended up fueling the Humanists' campaign.

The Canadians "were my army," says Carter. "They made a commitment. They said, 'Rob, we're here for the duration. We're here until you go home.' Nobody had ever made that commitment before." Uncovering fresh evidence, including a forged signature on a phone report falsifying the time of the crime, the Canadians served as dogged foot soldiers in a legal onslaught that culminated in the 1985 verdict freeing Carter. Judge H. Lee Staddon and the prosecution had committed "gross constitutional violations" by basing its conviction on "racism rather than reason, and conscience rather than discretion."



LESIA MARTIN

Had they lost, the Canadians had elaborate plans to help make a commitment. They said, "Rob, we're here for the duration. We're here until you go home." Nobody had ever made that commitment before. Uncovering fresh evidence, including a forged signature on a phone report falsifying the time of the crime, the Canadians served as dogged foot soldiers in a legal onslaught that culminated in the 1985 verdict freeing Carter. Judge H. Lee Staddon and the prosecution had committed "gross constitutional violations" by basing its conviction on "racism rather than reason, and conscience rather than discretion."

The example of courage

Twenty years ago, he was a streetwise, functionally illiterate in a Brooklyn ghetto. Born, at 36, he is a Crown attorney in Kankloops, B.C. Two things happened to transform Lesa Martin from hopelessness to audacious respectability. First, he had a chance meeting with a group of Canadians visiting New York City, and they invited him to leave his impoverished family—including a resident father who had fallen on hard times, and seven siblings—to live in their Toronto commune. Then, at a library site, the teenager came upon Rubin (Harmon) Carter's *The Swerve Round* and was inspired to take his own gaze step in the conversion of his life. It was the first book he had read all the way through. "I was attracted to Rubin because of his example of courage," says Martin. "The obstacle that he had to overcome was so far greater than the obstacle of learning to read or write."

Chaston (left), Swinton, discovered by their portrayal in a new authorized biography of Carter

Carter escape and flee the country. As it turned out, with Carter free, they spent another three years fighting the prosecution's appeal, until it was finally thrown out by the U.S. Supreme Court. The real culprits behind the shootings have never been found.

In prison, Carter had become a father figure to Lesa, and a soulmate to Lisa. He had divorced his first wife, and the Canadians were his new family. After his release, he moved to the communal 17th-century country home outside Toronto. For a while, he served as a comforting father figure for a man displaced in face the world after being locked up for 19 years. The Canadians say they spent close to \$1 million living with Carter. Although they never pressed him for it, he felt he owed them a debt, which he says has now been repaid through the sale of his story. The movie rights alone netted more than \$1 million.

But Carter, who had developed a taste for solitude, chafed at communal living. In this house that prohibited liquor, he was also struggling with alcoholism. And he was constantly at odds with Lisa. After a string of splits and reconciliations, he kept the commune for good in 1994. "She couldn't leave, and I couldn't stay," he says. "I've always been the captain of my ship." Despite the rift, he will describe Lisa as "a great person, a beautiful person—certainly my match on earth."

Terry Swinton says that "she's better than his match." In the movie, as played by Deborah Kara Unger (Cassidy, Lisa "wants to die," he adds. "But she's a very powerful personality. Those qualities are much more acceptable in a man than in a woman. So it's easy to understand what she does." Swinton and Chaston are both Laidlaw co-leaders, but they stress that the relationships did not overlap in the group—which they do not call a commune because of "the hippie free-love" connotation. "People assume everybody sleeps with everybody else," says Chaston, "and that's just not the case."

The woman who is depicted as a charismatic tyrant in Herndorf's book says she is too shy to be interviewed. But Lisa agrees to talk off-the-record at the group's business in the Toronto garment district. The Canadians—as they are called by everyone connected with the Humanists' story—are now in the business of selling him. They have a company called Big It Up (inspired after a Jamaican idiom), and they specialize in the kind of bracket headwear favoured by hip-hop culture.

Dressed in black pants and a black sweater, Lisa sits curled up on a couch at the back of the Big It Up headquarters, a snug woman in her mid-50s with ash blond hair and dancing blue eyes. Around her neck is a native pendant, a wooden fisher and beads on a rawhide string. She is a vibrant personality. She speaks quickly and emotionally, moving her hands with lightning gestures. And she starts to yell up as soon as she begins to talk about the group's history with Rubin.

It is obvious the Canadians feel betrayed by Carter's portrayal of them in Herndorf's biography. Chaston, Swinton, and Lisa Carter (the rift goes by her husband's name) did not even show up at the Toronto federal premiere of *The Herd-ment*. But they are not about to respond in kind. Instead, Swinton and Chaston try to explain.

"Rubin was so used to missing the system, wherever he was around him was the enemy in his own mind," says Chaston. "Or like a guard," says Swinton. "If you say, 'Rubin, look, you gotta do this,' he'll say, 'I don't want to do that. Now I'm free.'"

At one point, the whole commune had stopped smoking. The



Martin, from literacy at law school

While his Toronto "family" campaigned for Carter's release, at age 17 Martin was acceptance at the University of Toronto. He went on to complete an honors bachelor of arts program in anthropology, and then enrolled at Dalhousie University in Halifax to seek a master's in sociology. But soon he was sentenced to a prison he had long resisted. It put out of loyalty to Carter the practice of law. "As a result of what happened to Rubin, I was convinced that any system that would allow that to happen couldn't be a system worth working with," he says. "It was a struggle initially to have some faith in what I'm doing now."

All the more so since what Martin does now is, on the surface, the exact opposite of what he sought for Carter. Since being called to the British Columbia bar last May, he has lost people in jail for a living. He has already worked his first murder case—a conviction. But he defends his seemingly paradoxical decision to

follow the calling. "I hope that we can eliminate wrongful prosecutions and convictions entirely," he argues. "Where better to make that change happen than at the opening gate, where you can still decide not to proceed if something's wrong." Nonetheless, Martin felt nervous breaking his intentions to his mentor. Carter answered the shock, he recalled Martin call to the bar and also that of his wife of 38 months, Cheryl Martin (a Dartmouth, N.S., nurse he met in law school).

What Martin calls the "maraculous" quality of his life informs the motivational speeches he now gives to corporate clients—sometimes with Carter. "We're all faced all the time with going to bed, he says. "It's whether we respond to them that's controlling the difference."

Chris Wood at Kankloops

The movie fulfils a noble destiny for Jewison, confirming his legacy as Hollywood's Canadian conscience on racial issues

book cars an incident in which Rubin flew into a rage at Channon (killed him for a cigarette pack—in prison Carter had a rule that he would tell anyone who touched him in anger). Channon explains that Carter was just playing the prison game of "stealing things behind the guard's back"—and that he was trying to protect Carter, who was recovering from tuberculosis that he had contracted in prison. But that night Carter left the commissary never to return.

The film producers are now trying to downplay the animosity stirred up by Hirsch's book. "That's not the story I was telling," says Jewison, "to cover pain off. Maybe there's a whole other picture to be made, but it wouldn't be very exciting or uplifting. It would be a picture filled with a broken marriage and a lot of angst." Carter himself is trying to put it all behind him, saying all that matters is "the miracle that occurred when

out of jail, the commissary first contacted the director's office in 1985 and sent him a copy of *The National Award*. And Kershman approached Jewison in 1991, but was told to come back when he had some money and a script. Rescued ended up producing *The Hurricane* for about \$40 million, half the typical Hollywood budget for an epic on that scale. Jewison and Washington both worked for half their usual fees. Although the director had creative control and final cut, he says he had "big problems with revisions on the script—there was too much interference with my work."

Jewison says he also wondered if Washington, 44, could play an angry young fighter. "I said, 'I can't help you. You're going to be in the ring in a pair of shorts and boxing shoes. And how you sell you get any rage left in you? Can we press that button?'" But after training for six months, Washington emerged on the set in superb shape. And his portrayal is so precise that even Carter's close friends forget that the prison outcasts is not the real Rubin.

The Hurricane has a story he likes to tell about Denzel Washington. He told it in his speech at the premiere. And in the interview, he tells it again, almost word for word. After days of talking and traveling with the actor, they were having lunch in Toronto. Carter got up to go to the washroom and, on his way back, he saw Washington standing at a mirror in the foyer.

"I thought he wanted to be alone, so I went back to the table. When he came back, there was something different about him. I couldn't put my finger on it. But the more we talked, the more I liked him. I liked the way he moved, I liked his vocabulary. I liked his tendency. And I loved his laughter. I said, 'Wow! I really love this guy. Shut, maybe I have been in jail too long.' Then it hit me, like a left hook and a straight right to the jaw. When I saw Denzel in front of the mirror, he was clearing his canvas to paint my portrait. His face looked like purr. And from the moment he sat down, he was giving me back to me. I was loving him. I saw I was loving me! I've always professed that I love myself, I respect myself. But I'd never seen myself. I said OK, I trust you."

After the interview, Carter takes his voice out back, to his beloved garden. A carved stone path winds through a prison of dying plants to a garden and upright stone slab. "They've all gone away, into the big sleep," he says, surveying the garden's grey November skeleton. "It's not big enough. I keep wanting out of season." Rubin glances at the one plant still blooming, a miracle of purple flowers. "Imagine, I've got to dig up that orchid and take it inside," he says, heading back into the house. Out front, an old blue Mercedes sedan sits in the drive. He says he likes to drive around at 2 or 3 in the morning, down by the lake, when there's nobody there.

Carter (second from right), *AB* (right): fraudulent evidence

ordinary people do something miraculous, not the bullshit that occurs when ordinary people are ordinary."

Certainly, Carter's David-and-Goliath struggle with the U.S. justice system makes the domestic squabbles that followed seem trivial. And for Jewison, *The Hurricane* has fulfilled a noble destiny, confirming his legacy as Hollywood's Canadian conscience on racial issues. Jewison remembers travelling through the Deep South back in 1946, fresh out of the Canadian Navy. One day he boarded a bus in his uniform and sat in the back. "You try to be smart, subtle," said the driver. "Can't you read the f---in' sign? He looked up to see a hand-painted sign on a wire: "Colored people in the rear." The incident, and the spectacle of American apartheid, left an indelible impression. "Being a Canadian and never experiencing racial prejudice of that kind, I was overwhelmed."

The story of the *The Hurricane* has been making Jewison's door for 15 years. Hoping that a movie might help get Carter



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PHILIPS

Let's make things better

Back to the future

The Canadian Encyclopedia returns to print

Want to know all about the lion of no-waters (a creature that live in magical waters in making glaciers) or Merri (Two Gun) Cohen (a 1920s Education gambler named-Chinese revolutionary)? There is an hour place—in some cases, no other place—so look them up than in *The Canadian Encyclopedia*. Since it first appeared in 1985 after six years of preparation by the Edmonton publishing company of select nationalists, McIl. During, the encyclopedia has become an indispensable reference tool for all things Canadian. After a second edition in 1988, the encyclopedia went digital in 1991 as a CD-ROM. But now, building a seemingly

impossible trend that has seen even the venerable *Encyclopedia Britannica* abandon book form, *The Canadian Encyclopedia* has returned to print the web.

The operative word for the third edition is *big*. It has increased in size from 3.3 million to four million words, spread over 30 per cent more pages. And they are all shoehorned into a single, 2,573-page, 2.8-kg tome. Publisher McClelland & Stewart Inc., which bought Hurst's company in 1989, says it is the largest Canadian trade book ever made. Though not made in Canada



MacIsac seeking renewed status as a 'national icon'

at 2 1/2 inches thick—just under the three-inch maximum any North American printer can handle—the encyclopedia was beset by the capability of Canadian printers and had to be printed and bound in Tennessee. What made the project possible was that M&S could download the work



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Books

already done on the CD-ROM into one volume—"the new technology subsidizing the old," says M&S publisher Doug Gibson—and will go in under the three-inch size.

But given the success of the electronic version—250,000 copies sold—and the ease with which it can be revised,

why reports it all: "We had had a slap-head moment during our work on the CD-ROM," recalls Gibson, "when we thought of all the people we were missing—those without computers or who still preferred reading actual books." Another regular edition would have run to six volumes and a price between

\$400 and \$500. But by dropping most maps and illustrations and all colour, the company could publish a one-volume work, priced at \$64.95.

That's just *one* of the new edicts a lightning change against its main competitors, which, ironically enough, is a CD-ROM version. That seems for 1990, but includes all the colorful graphics plus a dictionary and even selected *Macworld* articles. "We are going to harm CD-ROM sales a little," Gibson admits, "but we decided we would get many more print sales—we are still tactile beings." So far, so good, bookshelves agree. They have ordered the entire first printing of 45,000, one of M&S's largest ever. "Now comes the real response," says Gibson. "Will they fly out of stores as quickly as they left our warehouse?"

Commercial considerations aside, though, one man is overjoyed to see his life's work back in book form. James Marsh, 56, has been editor-in-chief of *The Canadian Encyclopedia* since its inception 20 years ago. For Marsh, its disappearance from print means "we were losing our status as a cultural document. As a book, the encyclopedia is more authoritative. I now expect renewed recognition as a cultural icon."

That could be recognition of the sort that saw Marsh hang in effigy in Waterloo, Ont., after the first citizens included the university town in the same row as its twin city, Kitchener. In subsequent editions Kitchener-Waterloo has remained an article, but Waterloo also has its own entry: "Geography can be a problem," Marsh allows. "But biogeography by far causes the most controversy." The article on Senator Helen Angus, the late federal leader of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation who joined the Liberals after the CCF became the NDP (though a shopkeeper from an elderly female relative of the senator. She asked me," recalls a laughing Marsh, "how I could have produced that nonsense, and provided me with about 20 pages of biographies of far-worthier Anguses." Three of them now get a brief mention in the revised article. It's that kind of give-and-take with readers that Marsh has missed over the past decade and happily anticipates with the new edition.

Brian Roberts



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[illegible]

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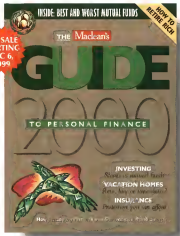


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Allan Fotheringham

Oh, please read this book

Several years back, Pierre Berton, having written his usual annual best-seller, appeared on the British Columbia morning TV show run by the outrageous Jack Webster, who discussed the menu of B.C. life, each and every day.

"Webster," demanded Berton, who had been his interlocutor's best friend since they had worked together at *The Vancouver Sun* 150 years earlier, "you really haven't read this book—have you?"

Webster, avoiding blushing, allowed that he had, really, no, not actually. "You haven't actually read any of the last 10 best-sellers I have presented before you on your show," Berton pointed. Webster confessed that was probably true.

So Berton had an idea. He would review his own book. And proceeded to do so, as an embarrassed and chuckling Webster learned.

Well, you see, this—following—is very embarrassing. As a modest chap, this is most humiliating.

My editor, hard to believe as it is, have told me that as a matter of tradition and principle they do not run reviews of books that have already been excerpted in this here magazine. (Dear C. Newman, come on down.) I've, I'm told, when apparently said excerpts include something writ by said author of *The Back Page*.

As a very logical fellow, this seems ridiculous—the only reasonable alternative being that the chap who writes *The Back Page* must reluctantly review himself.

As painful as this obviously must be, the author must struggle on and explain—as difficult as it is—the general theme of *Last Page First* (Key Porter Books, \$32.95). My Groucho/Bette children would only want it that way.

The tone, as you could well imagine, is very heavy on one—the only way to sell a best-seller these days. To the amazement of even the author, it reveals there was an entire *Maclean's* back-page column on said am, on May 30, 1977. Which, on examination, was almost the birthplace of Monica Lewinsky. Proceed, as always.

Romance? There is a description of the very moment when Margaret Sinclair met one B. Trudeau for the second time after he had encountered her in her bikini, on a raft in Tahiti. Divorce? The very moment, as the tarmac in Bangkok, when Joe Clark lost his underwear on the way from Tokyo to New Delhi. On Eggs/Air, as a matter of fact.

The best piece in the entire book, if you really want to know, is on Diogenes (p. 141).

Those who will not like this book include Jean Chrétien, Joe Clark, Ottawa, Senator Michael Pridel, Trudeau, God, Ronald Reagan, Bill Vander Zalm, Alberta, the Queen, Bill Clinton, Lucien Bouchard and Brian Mulroney.

Those who will like this book include Margaret Trudeau, lovers of true hockey, Nelson Mandela, Winnipeg, my mother and Brian Mulroney.

Modesty, naturally, prevents an objective view of the sensitive portraits of southern Saskatchewan, what really happened in that Volkswagen across Russia with Ella and the curate of the fish on that moon train through China. It would not be fair to the faithful reader to reveal here the extent of the vocabulary of Mrs. Theresa d'Amore and the reason why my wife ordered me to cover the funeral of Phrasco De.

My clever editor, Susan Renard—while removing her own name for the be cited for libel—ordered that the author critique his own "best" 100 or so columns over a quarter-century in *Maclean's* and admit in print the attendant weaknesses. Yes, there is the confession that some were written on a bad hair day and should have been put to sleep.

But this—the first printing or any one, while the second goes under way—is in fact a collector's item: containing the worst typographical error in the history of Canadian publishing. It was our one and only prime minister.

Some years back, a kind junior cabinet minister named Jean Chrétien discovered a lovely columnist writing a hard newsweek on a wet Sunday in Ottawa and invited him home for a pleasant meat-beef dinner with a nice bottle of red wine and the usual lin and gossip.

Said columnist, in ensuing years, apparently treated his host in his scribbles in the way he treated other Liberal ministers. And so one night, J. Chrétien—by now Opposition leader—entered the Parliamentary Press Gallery banquet, looked down and said "And here's Mr. Fotheringham."

In the book, p. 130, it comes out as "Mr. Fotheringham"—some don-bulls computer operator pushing a spell-check and not finding the offending word, changed it to "Fotheringham," thus rendering the story meaningless. Watch for it. A collector's item. Top of p. 130.



"And here's Mr. Fotheringham."


See page 130!



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